

The Sketch

No. 749.—Vol. LVIII.

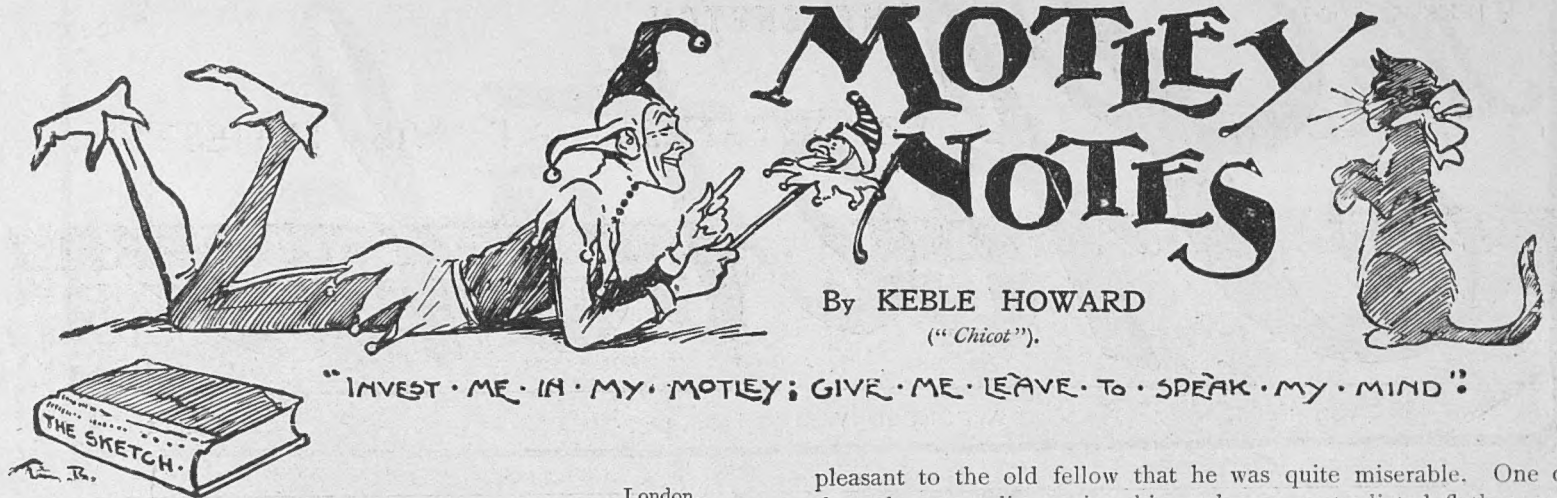
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN: "MISS EDNA MAY" IN ONE OF HER TROUSSEAU GOWNS.

The wedding of Miss Edna May and Mr. Oscar Lewisohn took place at Ascot yesterday (Tuesday). The gown here illustrated is for restaurant wear, and is of milky-green chiffon, with coral trimming, and embroidered real lace. The chief items of the bride's trousseau are: 1 bridal dress, 12 travelling-dresses, 10 other costumes, 10 evening gowns, 7 tea-gowns, 6 coats, 3 boating and tennis frocks, 30 blouses, 50 pairs of boots and shoes, 35 hats, and 100 pieces of lingerie. Bowing to popular superstition, Miss May would be photographed neither in her wedding-dress nor her going-away dress before the wedding had taken place.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



In Praise of Colds.

There is nothing quite so comfortable as a slight cold in the head. Catch a slight cold in the head, and you will enjoy a stuffy satisfaction that would drive an opium-eater mad with envy. Care cannot touch you; the mere everyday concerns of life shrivel and disappear. You walk about with an open mouth, screwed-up eyes, and a red nose; the effect is not pretty, but your appearance solicits sympathy, and you get any amount of it. There is something very disarming, too, about a slight cold in the head. It is practically impossible to suspect of hypocrisy a man who is snuffling and coughing, and patting his chest, and dabbing his eyes. Some men are gifted with perpetual colds in the head, and they drive extraordinary bargains. A cold is soothing, moreover, to the nerves. A man who, ordinarily, would make a circuit of half a mile or wait until Sunday in order to cross the Strand will stroll calmly under the very nose of a motor-bus when he happens to have a cold in the head. And nobody will deny, I suppose, that a cold improves the appetite. Hence the old-wife's maxim with regard to feeding a cold. As to drink, everybody knows that a man with a cold in the head is proof against the evil effects of alcohol. Be thankful, therefore, that you have one. Snuffle and be merry, for to-morrow you will be well.

A Note of Warning.

These pageants are giving a lot of trouble. It was only a few days ago that Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker, the Pageant King, said some extremely rude things about Coventry, because the Coventry folk, in the innocence of their dear hearts, thought it would be nice to reconstruct the Lady Godiva scene. And now three hundred House men have done their best to destroy the grand stand in Christ Church Meadows. That grand stand must have been annoying them for some days past, or they would not have selected Bump-Supper Night to make an attack upon it. Is it possible that the undergraduates of Oxford consider all this dressing-up and marching about rather foolish and effeminate? For my own part, I must admit that I would not cross the road to see any kind of a pageant—except, possibly, the one at Coventry. Nor, if I were a House man and my rooms overlooked Christ Church Meadows, should I care to have a whole summer term made hideous by a grand stand. It is rumoured, I see, that there is to be another outbreak. The organisers of the Pageant might do well if they postponed their picnic until after term-time. Christ Church Meadows are so conveniently near the river.

Bad Tempers in Fashion.

The fashionable foible is irritability. You must have remarked it, if you are a person of observation. It is rather the thing, nowadays, to fly into a temper over trifles. You will hear men, who would have laughed at such a suggestion a couple of years ago, getting quite heated because the waiter has brought thick soup instead of clear, or somebody has written something in a newspaper with which they don't happen to agree. You will see other men growing pink about the eyes if they are worsted in an argument; and quite a number of people have made up their minds, since Easter, never again to speak to some other person as long as they live. The craze, perhaps, is to be encouraged. It stimulates those who follow it, and affords those who do not a little mild amusement. Besides, irritability shortens life, and the majority of those who live long get out of touch with the world and talk in foolish praise of the days that are past. It is far better to have a short, frightfully irritable innings and be done with it. I knew a man once who quarrelled with his wife from sunrise to sunset—and, for all I know, from sunset to sunrise. When his wife died and left him all her money his relations were so

pleasant to the old fellow that he was quite miserable. One of them, however, discovering his weakness, contradicted flatly everything he said. She got the money.

A Haunting Question.

A correspondent writes: "Who is it you would like to see in his habit as he lived, if you had your choice of the whole range of English literature?" Well, I am fond of my correspondents, but I wish they would not ask me questions of that sort. At the first glance I was interested in the idea. Then I began to wonder which English writer, after all, had the most interesting personality. I took down books, and dusted biographies, and pored over prefaces. I went about getting opinions, and was bored to death by the learned, and snubbed by the hurried, and chaffed by the ribald; but helped by none. I made a note of the riddle on a sheet of paper, and laid the sheet of paper on a table by the side of my bed. I thought it would be a good plan to think the thing out in the early morning, before the traffic became really serious. But a puff of wind from the open window blew the sheet of paper on to my face, and I dreamt that I was being crushed by a collapsible ceiling, and woke up with a scream. I may tell my correspondent, then, that I don't know, and I decline to be worried further on the subject. I have no doubt they were all very charming fellows, and talked about their royalties one moment and their livers the next.

The Pessimist at the Breakfast-Table.

I do not, at any rate, think that I should be fascinated by the society of Mr. John Corbin. If one may judge a man by his writings, Mr. Corbin is not exactly a grig. In the *Atlantic Monthly* you will find him laying down this cheerful little axiom: "Tragedy is as essential in all life as sin and death." Now, if I were breakfasting with Mr. Corbin, and if he observed, as I handed him the toast, "Tragedy is as essential in all life as sin and death," I should in all probability reply, "Well, what about it?" And the following conversation would be the result—

MR. CORBIN. Nothing about it. Only just that.

CHICOT. Then why say it?

MR. CORBIN. Because I wanted you to know.

CHICOT. But perhaps I knew it before.

MR. CORBIN. Tush! Rubbish! Impossible!

CHICOT. Why these notes of exclamation?

MR. CORBIN. Because, if you had known it, you would have said it.

CHICOT. Should one, then, say everything one knows?

MR. CORBIN. A profound thought must find utterance.

CHICOT. Is that a profound thought?

MR. CORBIN. Too profound for you, apparently.

CHICOT. But I never denied that tragedy was essential in life. I only asked you what about it.

MR. CORBIN. You're a flippant fool, Sir. You serve no useful purpose.

CHICOT. Do you?

MR. CORBIN. I strive my utmost to help forward the great cause of humanity. No man can do more.

CHICOT. On the same principle, then, you would tell a weary man who was stumbling through a tunnel that he was bound to topple on to his nose before long?

MR. CORBIN. I certainly shouldn't buoy him up with false hopes. That would be mere sentimentalism.

CHICOT. Wouldn't it be better to buoy him up, even with sentimentalism, than to push him over?

MR. CORBIN. I go to commune with the minds of the mighty dead. (*Exit.*)

"A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS AS MRS. ALLENBY.



MISS MARION TERRY AS MRS. ARBUTHNOT.



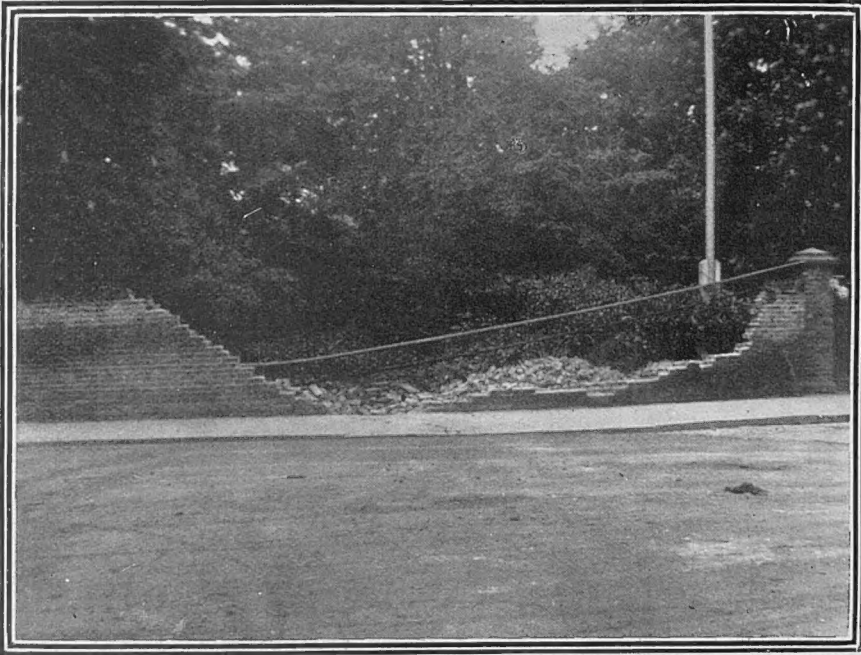
MISS VIOLA TREE AS HESTER WORSLEY AND MR. CHARLES
QUARTERMAINE AS GERALD ARBUTHNOT.



MR. TREE AS LORD ILLINGWORTH.

Photographs by F. W. Burford.

SOME INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.



KNOCKED DOWN BY A RUNAWAY MOTOR-CAR: DAMAGE DONE TO A 12-FOOT BRICK WALL AT MANRESA HOUSE, ROEHAMPTON.

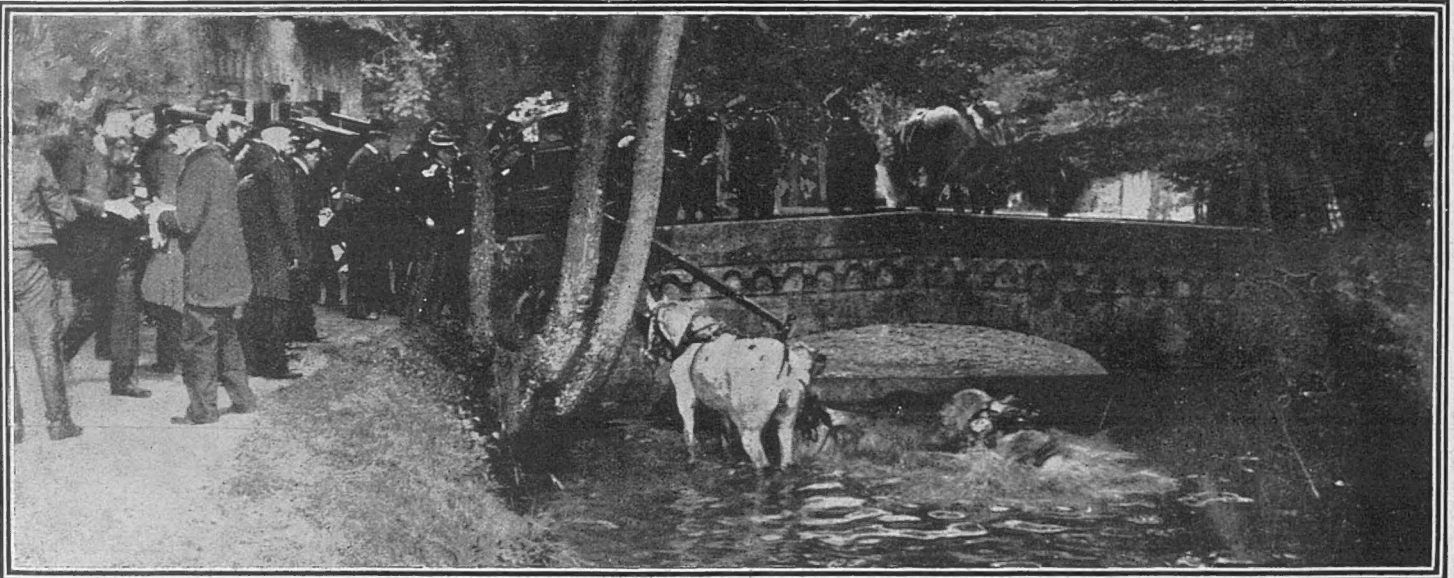
The accident happened last Sunday week, the car jumping the side-walk and dashing into the wall, with the result shown. The car, of course, was badly damaged, but, almost by a miracle, no one was hurt. The mishap was caused by the steering-gear refusing to work.—[Photograph by the Exclusive News Agency.]



THE FAMOUS AMERICAN LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER WHO HAS ENTERED FOR THE ALL-ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS MAY SUTTON.

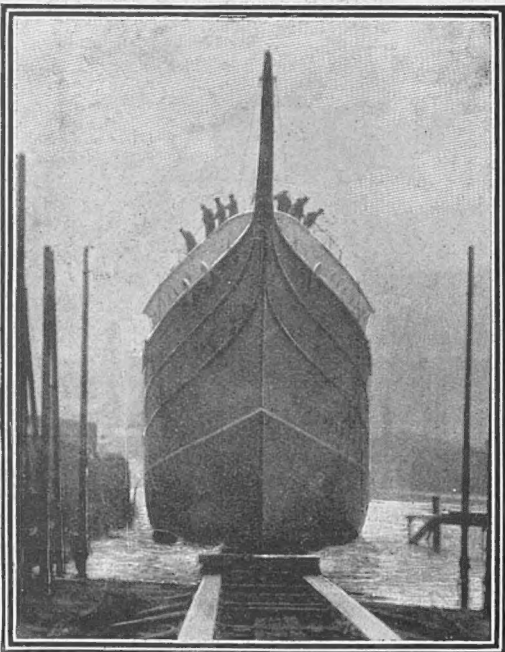
Miss Sutton believes that her play has improved since last year.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE NARROW ESCAPE OF THE QUEEN OF NORWAY IN THE PARK OF VERSAILLES: THE SCENE ON THE BRIDGE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ACCIDENT, SHOWING TWO OF THE HORSES IN THE WATER.

As we note on another page, the Queen of Norway had a narrow escape from a very serious accident while visiting Versailles the other day. The mishap occurred on the little bridge that leads to the "farm" so intimately associated with the name of Marie Antoinette. One of the horses fell over the bridge, dragging its companion and the postillion with it. Had the traces not broken, there is no doubt that the carriage also would have been dragged over.—[Photograph by Halfonnes, Ltd.]



HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP "ALEXANDRA"—
BOW VIEW.

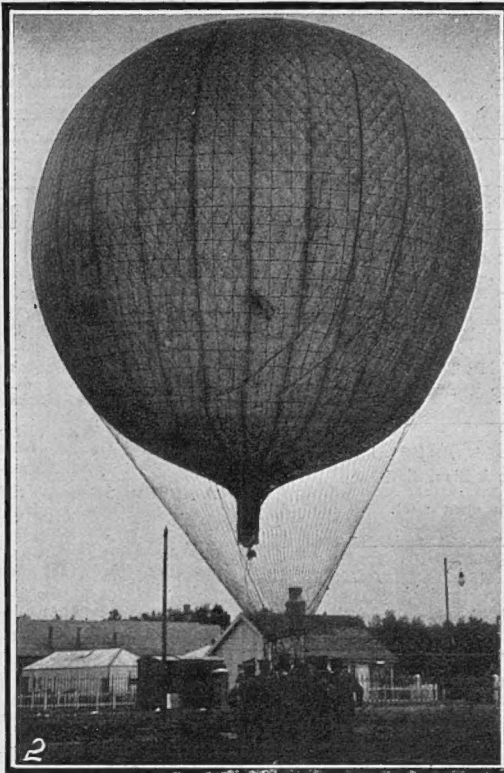


THE LAUNCH OF THE KING'S NEW YACHT: HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP "ALEXANDRA"—
BROADSIDE VIEW.

The vessel, which was launched on Thursday, and named by Princess Louise, is a twin-screw turbine yacht, built of steel, of 4500 indicated horse-power, and some 2000 tons' displacement. She is to take the place of the "Osborne," is expected to attain a speed of 17 knots, is 300 feet in length over all, is 40 feet broad and is 25 feet deep to the upper deck.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]

THE WAR-BALLOON MYSTERY:

THE MISSING OFFICERS AND THE "THRASHER."



1. LIEUTENANT WILLIAM TALBOT McCLINTOCK CAULFEILD, ONE OF THE MISSING OFFICERS.

2. THE WAR-BALLOON "THRASHER," WHICH ASCENDED AT ALDERSHOT ON TUESDAY OF LAST WEEK, AND WAS PICKED UP AT SEA ON THE WEDNESDAY MORNING.

3. LIEUTENANT THEODORE E. MARTIN-LEAKE, ONE OF THE MISSING OFFICERS.

4. THE COLLAPSED WAR-BALLOON "THRASHER" AT BRIXHAM, AFTER IT HAD BEEN PICKED UP BY THE FISHING-VESSEL "SKYLARK."

At the moment of writing there is no news of the two officers who made the ascent in the "Thrasher," and there is grave fear that they have been drowned, although it is possible that they have been picked up by a vessel which has not yet been able to communicate with the land. The collapsed balloon was found at sea, some eight miles off the mouth of the River Exe, in a south-south-easterly direction. Lieutenant Martin-Leake entered the Army in March 1899, and was gazetted Lieutenant in August 1901; Lieutenant Caulfeild joined the Army in August 1899, and was promoted Lieutenant in April 1902.

Photographs of the officers by Bassano; photograph of the balloon by Clarke and Hyde; photograph of the collapsed balloon by Dinham.

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THE CLUBMAN



KING HAAKON AND QUEEN MAUD IN PARIS—"PAPA ÉDOUARD"—POLICE AND GUIGNOL—THE WORKMEN
AT THE HOTEL ASTORIA—THE POPULARITY OF LÉPINE.

I WAS in Paris during the days of the visit of the King of Norway, and I was amused by the combination of anxiety on the part of the Parisians to give a hearty welcome to a visiting monarch and their lack of interest in Norway and all things concerning it. All the Government buildings and many of the hotels were decorated with the Norwegian flag, but the shops and private houses were not. The typical Parisian has a French flag, a British, a Russian, and a

Spanish one, and if the monarchs of other countries come to Paris on a visit they must take the Parisian's good-will for granted. Olaf-worship has not taken root in Paris as it has in London and Norway. The little Prince did not come to Paris, and the papers did not

really were upon her, and each time that the *truc* succeeded the crowd guffawed lustily.

There was a very big and very smart gathering at one of the houses on the north side of the Champs Élysées, and it was a fine study in temper to watch the ladies who thought that their carriages should be allowed to cross the big road when a policeman said them nay. One lady driving in a carriage, a coronet on the panels, drawn by two great black horses, looked with disdain at the policeman who barred her advance, sent her footman in advance to clear a way for her, and sailed with dignity over the cleared road. Luckily she did not cross near the Astoria. A pretty little lady, wearing a very big blue hat, drove up in an automobile. She was stopped by a very young policeman. She harangued him, and her chauffeur, standing up, harangued him, and the crowd harangued him and the chauffeur and the lady. The policeman blushed furiously, a failing he will conquer before he has been much longer in the force, but stood firm, and the chauffeur backed his vehicle out of sight, still saying unpleasant things to the policeman.

One effect the French get into their processional entries which we cannot obtain. It is that of mass. The road of the Avenue des Champs Élysées is so wide that it permits a far broader formation of cavalry than any of our roads allow, and there is a sense of weight and power in the extended mass of cuirassed troopers that comes at a trot down the hill, with the President and the guests in the midst, which I have never felt at any entry elsewhere.

President Fallières is in very good odour with the Parisians just now, and he obtained his full share of the shouts, more especially when he went up the Avenue on his way to meet the King, for then he had but a small escort, which did not hide him; but the man of the day was neither King nor President, but

M. Lépine, the Prefect of Police. He sat alone in a victoria which preceded the escort, and as he bowed to right and left he was greeted with very vigorous cries of "Vive Lépine!" His is a very easy name to shout, and the toy-show he established to encourage the street-hawkers, and half-a-hundred other tactful deeds, have gained

him the reputation of being a Parisian of the Parisians. It is perhaps well for him that he did not live a century or two ago. Many men have lost their heads as a consequence of cheers less enthusiastic than those I heard last week. To me the one disappointment of the day was the Piqueur de la République. His horse's mane and tail were decorated with blue ribbons, but he had not the *crânerie*, the sense of his own importance, which distinguished his celebrated predecessor.



A PICTURE BY A SPIRIT HAND: A DRAWING MADE BY M. DESMOULIN WHILE HIS HAND WAS GUIDED BY AN INVISIBLE BEING.

M. Desmoulin's hand was guided by an invisible being while the drawings given on this page were executed. Full details and other illustrations will be found on the fourth page of our Supplement.

more than recognise his existence, and alluded to him when they remembered him merely as a *bébé charmant*.

The Parisian papers advanced many reasons why Paris should welcome heartily the Norwegian King, the principal one being that he is our King's son-in-law. When Paris is very devoted to any celebrity the Parisians always find some nickname for him, and our good King is very generally spoken of as "Papa Édouard" on the boulevards, just as the present President is always "Papa Fallières." No King is allowed to arrive in Paris without some interesting little tale being found, or invented, concerning him. One of the Parisian papers published a miraculous story concerning the King of Norway. When he was a boy a gipsy made a prophecy concerning him. She told him that he would be a King, and that he would change his name, but not his language. This prophecy is said to have greatly distressed the King, and every time that his brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, suffered from any slight illness, he endured agonies of apprehension; but the prophecy was fulfilled without any misfortune when the throne of Norway was offered to him, and he changed his name to Haakon.

The very little things of life often interest us more than the big things. I wandered up the Champs Élysées the afternoon on which King Haakon made his entry into Paris, and watched the preparations being made. A body of police, in their summer white trousers, had been drawn up with their backs to the miniature theatre in which Guignol disports himself. A performance was in progress, and the audience of children were laughing vociferously. The struggle which went on in the minds of those policemen between dignity and a desire to see what Guignol was doing was amusing. Dignity in most cases won the day. Near the Arc de Triomphe the workmen employed at the new Hôtel Astoria amused themselves immensely. The broad road had been cleared, and was lined on either side with troops. Across the open space now and again a lady would venture, going at first quietly and with dignity. Directly she had gone a quarter of the way across every workman perched on the scaffolding shouted to her, "They are coming!" and the dignified walk became a terrified scamper. No one of the ladies had sufficient presence of mind to look whether the cavalry



A PICTURE BY A SPIRIT HAND: A DRAWING MADE BY M. DESMOULIN WHILE HIS HAND WAS GUIDED BY AN INVISIBLE BEING.

(See page 4 of our Supplement.)

HOW I TRAINED THE DERBY FAVOURITE.

By SAM DARLING.

SLIEVE GALLION is the favourite for the Derby. In my opinion he holds that enviable position on his merits. If I were asked to put him into a class I should make him one of a trio with Ard Patrick and Galtee More. As everyone interested in racing knows, Ard Patrick beat Sceptre in the Eclipse Stakes; and Galtee More would never have been beaten (except in the Cambridge, in which he carried a very heavy weight), if he had not had sore shins.

It is hardly necessary for me to state the fact that Slieve Gallion was sired by Gallinule, who, if only a fair performer, has been a very successful sire, and his dam was Reclusion. At first he was the property of Captain Greer and the late Lord Ilchester; now, however, he belongs to Captain Greer alone. For several years the Captain and I raced as partners, and we had a number of good horses, among them Wild Fowler, Kilcock, and Good Morning. When, however, Captain Greer became a member of the Jockey Club our partnership terminated, and he formed an alliance with the late Lord Ilchester. He now has the present holder of the title for his partner in Rocketeer.

When the Captain bought Slieve Gallion from the late Lord Ilchester, which he did on my advice—paying a large sum of money for his Lordship's half share—he put the horse into my charge, and as soon as he reached my stables at Beckhampton I placed him right away in my Derby box, the box in which most of the horses I have trained

As a two-year-old the same general routine was observed, and the daily canters were continued until I considered that he was fit to go fast. I strongly object to appear egotistical, or to in any way seem to force my methods of training on to the notice of the public; but, as I have reluctantly consented to tell how I trained the Derby favourite, in view of the great interest in the horse, I should like to state that no two horses are ever trained by me in exactly the same way. One hardly ever finds two horses alike, and I think every animal should be trained according to his constitution and special needs, not only for the classic races, but for the other races. That is where the art of training comes in.

When, therefore, I considered Slieve Gallion fit to go fast, I put him next to a horse with form, in order to see what he was like and to test his powers. I was so satisfied, with him that I was not surprised when he was entered at Sandown, to see him win the Cobham Stakes, which he followed by carrying off the New Stakes, the biggest classic two-year-old race at Ascot, in such style that everyone pronounced him a "smashing good horse." Then he won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, but was defeated in the Middle Park Plate by Galvani, the horse which is next in favour for the Derby. It is only fair to Slieve Gallion that I should say that at the time of that defeat he was greatly troubled by his teeth. After that he retired into winter quarters, from which he came out to win the Craven Stakes at Newmarket; and at the second meeting there he took the Two Thousand Guineas—both of which he won in very good style.

Since that time I have scarcely left him, and have been paying him unremitting attention to prepare him for the Derby.

For this, I may say generally, he has done the ordinary cantering work of five or six furlongs a day, and galloped a mile, with a mile and a half twice a week. This programme, however, has always been subject to modification, for I have studied his condition from day to day and given him only just the exercise I thought specially suited to him. It was not, however, until after he had won the Two Thousand Guineas that he was ever called upon to gallop a mile and a half, the length of the Derby course.

In order to arrive at Epsom in the best possible condition Slieve Gallion travels by a special train from Beckhampton, and I need hardly say I shall accompany him. During the journey he will have with him his special attendant, who is with him night and day, and who sleeps with him when he is away from home in order to prevent the possibility of any harm coming to him. At Epsom I shall

myself see to his unloading from the train, and a policeman will guard him to his stable, which I hope and believe he will leave to win the Blue Ribbon of the Turf.

Sam Darling



CAPTAIN GREER, OWNER OF SLIEVE GALLION.

for the classic race have stood. It is a single box, the others being caged boxes, and it is very seldom indeed that a yearling has been taken into the yard when the older horses are in training. So the fact is not without its interest at this time. Slieve Gallion was a very difficult horse to break, for he had a tendency to ewe-neck. This is the cause of his carrying his head so high, and it is a characteristic by which the crowd at Epsom will be able to recognise him without difficulty. In consequence of the peculiar shape of his neck, which made it less natural for him to bend to the bridle tackle put on him as he went round on the long lunging rein, it was quite six weeks before I considered it advisable to put a jockey on him, though with ordinary yearlings the time of this preliminary training with the bit varies from three to four weeks. At the end of that time a jockey was put on him, and he was led straight after the other horses, until I considered he could go loose with a jockey. For this preliminary training I did not use any ordinary jockey. I never do. I always put the best jockey I can get on these young horses.

Slieve Gallion was then given the usual routine of work for a yearling. He was out for an hour-and-a-half to two hours every day. During that time he was given two steady canters of four furlongs each, the rest of the time being devoted to walking exercise. His food differed in no respect from that of the other horses of his age, and consisted of five feeds a day, with an allowance of hay.



SLIEVE GALLION, THE DERBY FAVOURITE.



MR. SAM DARLING, TRAINER OF SLIEVE GALLION.

A MIRROR IN EVERYTHING:

WOMAN'S INGENUITY IN FINDING "LOOKING-GLASSES."



1. IN EMERGENCY, THE POLISHED SIDE OF A VAN PROVES OF USE
AS A MIRROR—

2. —AS DOES EVEN THE HUMBLE BUT NECESSARY FRYING-PAN,
WHEN NOTHING BETTER IS AVAILABLE.

3. AT A PINCH, A SOMEWHAT DISTORTED REFLECTION CAN BE OBTAINED FROM A SOUP-SPOON—

4. —WHILE THE GLASS COVERING A PICTURE IS AN INVALUABLE
AID TO THE BEAUTY—

5. —ONLY SURPASSED BY THE GREATER EXPANSE OF A GLASS-
PLATED SHOP-FRONT.

An ingenious Parisian writer has discovered that the average woman spends seven thousand hours of her life in viewing herself—not only in her mirror, but in every substitute for a mirror she can find.—[Photographs by the Union Bureau of News.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN"—"A MAN'S FOES"—"MY WIFE"—"MARTHA PLAYS THE FAIRY."

THE two chief novelties of the week offer an interesting contrast between the old and the new. "Clothes and the Woman," although clumsy in technique and rather antiquated as regards form, particularly in the last act, in spirit is a modern comedy, relying for interest upon idea and character, aided by wit really woven into the stuff of the piece, whilst "My Wife" is the old-fashioned plot-play adapted from the French, which contains nothing of truly observed human nature, and has no fundamental idea. Yet the one had to seek the hospitality of a theatrical society, "The Pioneers," whilst the latter enjoyed the honour of production at the Haymarket, and a prodigious amount of anticipatory paragraphing. The comedy by Miss "George Paston" greatly amused the journalists on account of its clever picture of Robina Fleming, who is really being sought after by the editors, and can get three guineas

a thousand words for any amount of "copy." She has sacrificed much to reach this position, and at the age of thirty, when she in full tide of success, her nature rebels and asks her what is the use of it if she does not exist as a woman. Then Mrs. Desmond, a friend, charmingly played by Miss Daragh, suggests a remedy. Robina abandons dowdiness, and with the aid of the dressmaker, hairdresser, and others, becomes a fascinating, pretty woman, and enjoys "her hour." Yet her enjoyment is spoilt because she comes to the conclusion, wrongly, that her triumphs

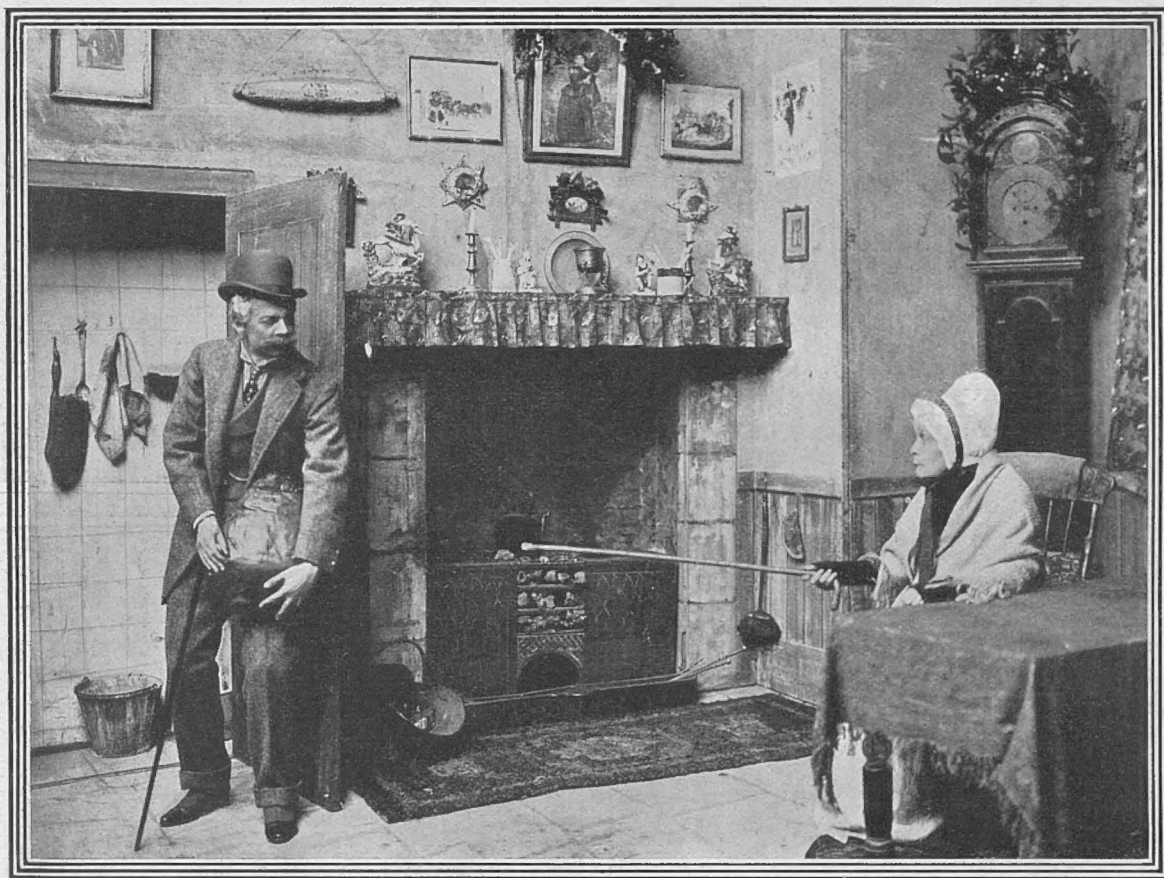
are not due to herself, but to the dressmaker, hairdresser, and their allies. In the end, her one constant suitor convinces her that she was just as wrong in being a dowdy as in her over-devotion to finery, and preaches the lesson that it is the duty of woman not to bury her talent in a napkin, but to make full use of her own charms. There is some artificiality in the play, and an element at times that rather suggests a fairy story, but the picture of Robina is clever and interesting, and so true that it enabled Miss Wynne-Matthison to give a delightfully humorous performance, embellished by some pretty little touches of poetry. There is not very much in the play beyond the story of Robina, but it is enough for an agreeable evening, even if the second act dragged at times and some of the characters were hazy. One of them, however, stood out: the author managed, with the help of very clever acting by Miss Kate Harwood, to give a fresh and truly comic note to a genteel lodging-house landlady, who caused roars of laughter. Miss Muriel Ashwynne played quite prettily.

"The Pioneers" also produced a one-act piece called "A Man's Foes," written by Miss Mary Cholmondeley, a painful play, which certainly impressed the audience. To me the story of the female drunkard, who stole and drank the brandy that might have saved her son's life, was in no sense enjoyable. Perhaps a tremendous performance in the chief part would have thrilled me; to be pained without being thrilled gives some of

us little pleasure. Miss Claire Greet presented the drunkard quite ably, but there was nothing of the tremendous in her work.

There are certainly two opinions concerning "My Wife," the piece adapted from the French by Mr. Michael Morton. The audience applauded heartily, some of the critics praised it highly, yet others have written quite contemptuously about it. Probably mine is the minority opinion—as to that, of course, we shall see; but the success of the work, however great, can seem no excuse to me for calling it comedy, and no grounds for regarding it as a work of any value as drama. The play is an effort to give a fresh turn to the old plot concerning the courtship of a ward by her guardian. The novelty consists in making the wedding precede the courtship. This is brought about with the aid of an absurd stage

will and a ridiculous bargain between guardian and ward, that he shall marry her and get a divorce as soon as she comes of age, so that she may then wed the young man of whom she is fond. Nobody considers the trifling fact that the play passes in England, where it is prodigiously difficult to obtain a divorce, and not in the States, where it is almost as easy to get a dissolution of marriage as to become a millionaire. Gratuitously the guardian adds a condition to the wedding that the bride shall live with him as his sister, and the young lady is quite unaware that



[Photo. Illustrations Bureau.]

A "SKETCH" STORY ON THE STAGE: "MARTHA PLAYS THE FAIRY," AT THE HAYMARKET.

The Squire (Mr. Holman Clark) emerges from the cupboard in which Martha (Miss Carlotta Addison) has placed him in order that he may overhear the Curate's opinion of him.

Mr. Keble Howard's "Martha Plays the Fairy," although complete in itself, is a sequel to "Compromising Martha." It is an adaptation of Mr. Howard's story in the last Christmas number of "The Sketch."

there is anything unusual in the arrangement. Instead of showing how the parties to this curious bargain really came to love one another, the author fills his play with unessential episodes, and merely assumes at the end that they have grown to love one another, for no reason apparent from what is shown in the play. The adaptation has the old vice: the experienced can guess from it that some scenes, such as one between Trixie and the "actress," that are almost meaningless in English, had in the original a real dramatic force.

However, the house was delighted by the clever acting of Miss Marie Löhr, a charming beginner of immense promise, and pleased by Mr. Aubrey Smith's able picture of the middle-aged guardian; whilst Mr. A. E. Matthews was irresistibly funny in a "glued on" part, and Mr. Holman Clark was very amusing as an old butler. Some of the jokes in the dialogue were received with prodigious laughter. "Martha Plays the Fairy," Mr. Keble Howard's lively sequel to "Compromising Martha," was received with a good deal of laughter, due largely to the ability with which the character of the shrewd, kindly old woman is drawn by the author and acted by Miss Carlotta Addison. Martha, by her simple cunning, forces the Squire to consent to the marriage of Monica with the young Curate, and the scheme she adopted proved to be intensely diverting to the audience, glad to have a *lever de rideau* with freshness of humour.

THE ONLY LICENSED HEROD AND SALOME.



MR. ROBERT HILTON AS HEROD AND MISS DANIELL AS SALOME IN "THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS," WHICH IS TO BE PRODUCED AT THE NEW ROYALTY ON MONDAY NEXT (THE 10TH).

"The Daughter of Herodias," which is to be given in aid of the Ladies' Work Association, is by Mr. Brinsley Trehane. It has the distinction of being the only Herod and Salome play that has been licensed by the Censor for production in England.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

SMALL
TALK

JOINT-WINNER OF £1100 AT MONTE CARLO: THE DUKE OF CALABRIA.

The Duke handed over half the winnings to a hospital at Cannes. The Royal couple are heir and daughter-in-law of Prince Alphonse de Bourbon, Count de Caserta, and were married ten years ago. They have four children.

THANKS in a measure, no doubt, to the fame of two such widely differing painters as Mr. Sargent and M. Helleu, the portrait is once more fashionable, and the private view a *passee-temps* of the merely frivolous. Each noted beauty is now immortalised nearly as often as was Emma, Lady Hamilton, but the sitters of to-day do not remain faithful, even for a season, to one artist. At the present moment Mr. Sholto Douglas, the painter cousin of Lord

Queensberry, and of the Duchess of Buccleuch, is enjoying a great vogue, and all the world, in a social sense, will be present at the Alpine Club to-morrow (6th) to grace his private view. Mr. Sholto Douglas will go down in the history of British painting as having been the first to realise the picturesque possibilities of the motor-car. Last year he triumphantly exhibited in the Royal Academy a group in which figured a horseless carriage. As a rule, however, Mr. Sholto Douglas contents himself with more conventional accessories. Miniatures have also returned to popular favour; they form, nowadays, an important item in the list of presents at every smart wedding; and, not content with being pictured themselves, many Society women are following their Majesties' example in the matter of having their dogs painted in miniature form. Mrs. Massey, the well-known miniaturist, has long made a specialty of animal portraits, and hers is also one of the picture-shows of the moment.



JOINT-WINNER OF £1100 AT MONTE CARLO: THE DUCHESS OF CALABRIA.

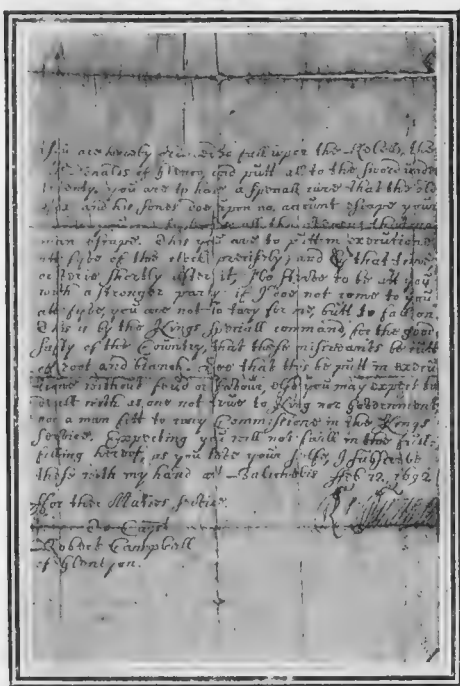
The Duke and Duchess spent two hours at the roulette table, making the sum already mentioned on the even-money chances. At one period the Duchess staked the maximum on the red, which turned up seven times in succession.

The Christie Season. So far, the craze for old pictures, old prints, old china, and above all old furniture, shows no sign of abating, and "the Christie season" has already set in. Americans delight in the great London sale-rooms, and now the finest of our treasures nearly always cross the Atlantic. Collectors have discovered that London is the best market, and some of the most notable dispersals of beautiful things about to take place have been arranged by foreigners.



THE QUEEN OF NORWAY'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM A SERIOUS MISHAP: HER MAJESTY DRIVING TO THE PETIT TRIANON, THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT, WITH MME. FALLIÈRES.

After lunching at the Palace of Versailles, the King and Queen of Norway drove round the Park, and paid a visit to the Grand Trianon and the Petit Trianon. As the carriage containing Queen Maud, Mme. Fallières, M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, and General Micel was passing over a small bridge in the grounds, one of the horses swerved and fell into the lake below. For some moments the royal carriage was in danger of falling into the water. Eventually the escort cut the harness from the horses, and the carriage was righted.—[Photograph by Rol and Co.]



SOLD FOR £1400 AT PUTTICK'S: THE ORDER FOR THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

The order sent the Macdonalds of Glencoe to their death on February 13, 1692. It was inspired by Dalrymple, the Master of Stair. It was purchased by Mr. Tregakis for £1400, its genuineness having been guaranteed.

Photograph by the Topical Press

Barber's Bandages. It is really not the wisest thing in the world to resemble anybody in Paris—at least, not to resemble a public character who has figured in the police news. A certain barber, who had the misfortune to look rather like a Russian bomb-thrower, or suspected thrower, named Petroff, now lying in hospital as the result of being partially blown up with his own machine, was promptly marched to prison by a zealous neighbour. His hand was cut and bound with bandages, which was proof positive to the French amateur Hawkshaw that he was the man, and intended to bomb King Haakon. But it proved to be only another sort of spy-mania, from which the Parisians suffer from time to time. They can't help it.

Paris Prices and Perfumes.

Full of roses, rhododendrons, chestnut blossom, and petrol perfume—that is Paris to-day, if you add the dust. You must add the English and Americans, who bring dust of another sort, bless their sovereigns and dollar-bills! What Paris would be without the Anglo-Saxon in the summer it is impossible to contemplate calmly—a cross between Toulouse and Marseilles, perhaps. However that may be, hotels are springing up in all directions to house the wandering Briton and his cousin, the Yankee. They grow "expensiver and expensiver," as little Prince Olaf might be expected to say. Presently the stranger from across the seas will have to sleep in the Bois with the Apaches, if he is not a millionaire.



A MINISTER IN A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW.

The window is in the church of Thorigny-sur-Vire, and shows M. Henri Lasserre, the Catholic writer, receiving back his sight after an application of Lourdes water. Standing by his side is M. de Freycinet, well known as a Minister of France.



OUR WONDERFUL—AND MUSICAL—WORLD!



A MUSICIAN WITH HIS HEAD IN A BASKET: A SHAKUHACHI-PLAYER IN THE STREETS OF KIOTO, JAPAN.

Photograph by the Keystone View Company.

MUSIC FOR DUSKY ROYALTY: THE KING OF UGANDA'S OWN DRUMMER HARD AT WORK.

Photograph by the Exclusive News Agency.



WIFE OF THE NEW GENERAL OFFICER
COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF THE FORCES
IN IRELAND: LADY LYTTELTON.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

friends to England and the English, will receive warm congratulations from British friends belonging to all ranks and conditions on the celebration of their golden wedding day, and our Court will be represented at Stockholm by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; whose daughter is married to King Oscar's grandson, Prince Gustaf Adolf. The first Court of the season will take place to-morrow evening, instead of on Friday, their Majesties having altered the usual day in order to meet the convenience of many of their loyal subjects. On Saturday the King and Queen of Denmark arrive on a State visit, and then will follow a brilliant programme of festivities.

The Queen of Denmark.

The Queen of Denmark, whose coming is being awaited with interest, is the richest, the tallest, and physically the most vigorous of European Queens Consort. Had she been a boy she would now be King of Sweden, for she was the only surviving child of the late King Charles, brother of Oscar II., and at the time of her marriage to the Crown Prince of Denmark she was the wealthiest heiress in the world. The bride and bridegroom had known each other all their lives, and their marriage has proved an exceedingly happy one. They are both devoted to their very large family, and the only shadow on their joint lives has been the loss of a married daughter, who was her mother's namesake, and of whom she was especially fond. Queen Louise, unlike most royal ladies, has kept the management of her vast private fortune in her own hands, and she is said to have invested it so wisely as to have greatly increased it since her marriage. She is interested in all kinds of philanthropic objects, and will certainly pay several incognito visits to some of our great charitable institutions during her visit to London.

Lady Lyttelton. Lady Lyttelton will add yet another to the brilliant and accomplished hostesses who have made Kilmainham Hospital so serious a rival, in a social sense, of the Viceregal Lodge and Dublin Castle. *Née* Miss

Katharine Sarah Stuart-Wortley, Lady Lyttelton was the youngest of the five daughters of the noted politician who was one of the most popular and agreeable men in mid-Victorian Society. Her marriage to the soldier-cricketer took place

twenty-four years ago, and they have three daughters, who will, of course, accompany them to Ireland when Sir Neville takes up his command.



WIFE OF THE NEW GENERAL OFFICER
COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF IN SOUTH
AFRICA: LADY METHUEN.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Lady Methuen. Lady Methuen, as wife of the new Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in South Africa, is likely to play a great part in the social politics both of Cape Colony and of the Transvaal. *Née* Miss Mary Ethel Sanford, she comes of one of the oldest county families in the West of England, and among her immediate forebears were many gallant soldiers. Although Lord and Lady Methuen will celebrate their silver wedding in two years, the latter is still a very handsome woman, and she does not look much older than her elder daughter, who bears the unusual name of Ethel Christian. In the neighbourhood of Corsham Court, Wiltshire, the news of Lord Methuen's promotion has brought sorrow, for the family have endeared themselves to the neighbourhood, Lady Methuen taking an active part in all the village concerns. During the long and anxious days when Lord Methuen was at the Front, Lady Methuen and her children lived quietly in Wiltshire, and her husband won his first battle, the victory of Belmont, on the sixth birthday of his younger daughter, Ellen Seymour.

Two June Brides. This month witnesses at least two important bridals, for on the 12th Miss Murray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murray, of Taymount, Perthshire, will marry Mr. Alastair MacGregor; while to-morrow will be celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square, a wedding in which Society and the Drama are equally interested, for the bride is Lady Dorothy Gathorne-Hardy, and the bridegroom Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte. Lady Dorothy, who is exactly twenty years younger than her eldest sister, is the youngest of Lord Cranbrook's seven children; she and her family are very popular in the neighbourhood of Hemsted Park, Lord Cranbrook's beautiful place in Kent. Till the present Peer succeeded his father, the name which his youngest daughter renounces to-morrow was borne by Lady Medway, who, *née* Lady Dorothy Boyle, was married some years ago to Mr. Gathorne-Gathorne-Hardy.



LADY DOROTHY GATHORNE-HARDY, WHO
IS TO MARRY MR. RUPERT D'OYLY CARTE
TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Photograph by Keturah Collings



MISS MURRAY, WHO IS TO MARRY MR.
ALASTAIR MACGREGOR, SON OF THE LATE
REAR-ADMIRAL SIR MALCOLM MACGREGOR.

Photograph by Langflier.



OUR NEXT ROYAL VISITOR:
THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

Photograph by Elfelt.

A MAMMOTH PARTNER.



A GIANT ELEPHANT DANCING WITH ITS TRAINER.

The photograph shows Miss Orford and her favourite pupil.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph supplied by L. E. A.



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Derby Records. Assuming that he retains his old habit of visiting Epsom annually, to-day's will make the forty-second Derby Sir Squire Bancroft has seen. He saw his first Derby when Gladiateur won in 1865, and from then up to the time of publishing his autobiography he had not missed a race.



THE LOTTERY-KING: MR. L. A. GOURDAIN.

Mr. Gourdain, known as the Lottery King of America, was recently convicted of using the post office for defrauding the public. According to the "Express," he "declared for years that he was willing to be imprisoned if the Federal Courts decided that he was guilty of fraud. He tried repeatedly to have himself indicted by the United States Grand Jury, and when he was finally arrested, after his earnest solicitation, he gave the Federal Prosecutor every facility for examining his business methods."

Photograph by Harris-Ewing.

and about the Downs. He arrived at nine o'clock in the morning, and revelled for an hour or so in the side-shows, the gipsies, the tricksters, and others who help to make up the throng. But the race itself was a long while coming, and he suddenly remembered that he was not particularly keen about seeing it. So he set off back to town. On the way he met crowds of vehicles, whose occupants laughed to see him leaving the scene of the race. When he reached the railway station he understood the cause of their merriment. It was locked, bolted, and barred, with not a soul in view. Next day the papers immortalised him in a sketch of the one lone man leaving the Derby behind him and taking a bee-line for London.

An Inevitable Result.

Parliament does not now adjourn for the Derby. Lord Randolph Churchill made his famous jest about the Radical party coming home elevated from the Derby only just in time. The self-denial of legislators in the matter furnishes an example which the Judges and other high dignitaries must find it hard to avoid. The tale is told that before now their Lordships have been known to make up dummy lists for Derby Day to enable them to get away in time for a sight of the race. Baron Martin is not specially mentioned in this connection, but it would have broken his heart to be in court when the horses were at the post. Even smaller events than the Derby proved irresistible. A man met him in Paris, on the way to the racecourse, on a Sunday. "It would not do for you, Baron," he said, "to be seen in England amid such scenes as this on the Sabbath." "Well," answered the Judge in doleful tones, "I can't help it. What would you have me do when they will not race here on any other day than Sunday?"

Utility of the Flag.

When all the Empire was waving the flag on Empire Day, it may not have occurred to the promoters of the festival that beyond the border of civilisation the flag may be regarded as something more than a symbol of authority, of freedom, brotherhood, and all that for which the emblem is famous. In other minds than those of the white man the flag represents a utilitarian idea. In Millais' famous "North-West Passage" the flag of Old England is painted in—in the place, by the way, of two of the artist's children who were at one time intended to appear. One of those children, grown to manhood, was caught in a storm in South Africa, and galloped for shelter to the hut of a Hottentot shepherd. There on the wall was a German oleograph of his father's picture, "The North-West Passage." It formed a delightful greeting to the wanderer, and he talked of it to the native. "I like that cotton goods," said the black, pointing to the flag in the picture. "I like that cotton goods. It would make good clothes."

A Terrible Fear.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan adds to his art collection, despite unpleasant experiences with Customs officials in America, and storms of indignation in the breasts of poor but patriotic Italians. He is on fairly safe ground, however, so long as he keeps his hands off things not commonly dealt with by the gentlemen at the port of entry. With these the Egyptologist, for example, has sore trouble. One desired to introduce into the home of Uncle Sam an Egyptian mummy of unimpeachable antiquity and pedigree. "What is it?" asked the officer. The owner explained its character, and told a moving story of the expense at which he had acquired the treasure, the difficulty and danger which had attended the transport of a relic three thousand years old. "Three thousand years old!" shrieked the other, with a jump. "And is the critter alive?"



THE DEATH-WARRANT OF KING ALFONSO: THE ANARCHIST'S SENTENCE ON THE YOUNG KING CARVED ON A TREE-TRUNK.

The Anarchist carved the inscription three days before he made the attempt to kill the young King and Queen on their wedding-day. The tree is now in the Court of Justice, and will be produced as evidence by the Crown Prosecutor. Translated, the inscription reads: "King Alfonso XIII. will be killed on his wedding-day. An irredeemable." The word "dynamite" also appears.

Photograph by E. Blanco.



A FREAK FLOWER: A TWIN ARUM LILY.

The flower was grown at Whitby. Its formation is very rare. It will be noticed that it has but one stamen.

Photograph supplied by W. A. Mountstephen.

Considerable Trifles.

When a trifle of news proves important enough to be cabled across the world, the incident, we may be sure, happened in America. The latest thing in nothings is that a great bank in New York has been disorganised, from manager to messenger-boy, because the bullion would not weigh out correctly. The total weight exceeded what should have been the sum, and the cause of it all, hours of investigation proved, was the presence in the bag of a mouse. Another bank had a worse fright than that. There was a mysterious million dollars wrong in the accounts. The audit was long and weary, and only an accident solved the mystery. The leg of a fly had been knocked off, and had adhered to a touch of moisture just where it looked like a stroke of the pen to represent a million. The story was cabled over from the States, so it must be true.

THERE'S PLEASURE IN ANTICIPATION.



MAJOR MAYFLY: Go away, you boys! I've told you forty times that it's no use you waiting to see me catch a fish.

VOICE FROM THE MADDING CROWD: We ain't. Billy Pike's bin an' opened the sluice-gates, and we're waitin' to see yer drarn.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. EDMUND BREESE, whose striking performance of the two widely differing parts he plays in "Strongheart"—a Red Indian and the coach to the football team—has been so much praised, once had a decidedly unpleasant quarter-of-an-hour as the result of the realism he puts into the latter rôle. During the run of the play in Boston, one of the local football teams was booked to play a match against an eleven from a neighbouring city. The manager of the Boston eleven thought it would be a great scheme if he could persuade Mr. Breese to talk to his boys in the manner he uses when addressing the Columbia team in "Strongheart." He therefore called on the actor, who fell in with his desires, and promised to make his address even a little stronger than usual. Naturally, the players were not let into the secret. All they knew was that a famous coach from New York was going to say a few words to them. On the day of the game Mr. Breese went onto the field, and before the kick-off he talked very quietly to the youths. As he understood the game thoroughly he knew exactly what to say to them. During the first half the Boston boys played a lifeless sort of game, and at half-time the score stood at six to none. That was the time for Mr. Breese to make his great mark. On the suggestion of the manager he entered the dressing-room and started in to harangue the team. His remarks startled them like a thunderbolt, and they listened for one or two minutes in amazement. Then a little stocky half-back, a butcher by trade, who evidently objected to being bull-ragged, even by a famous coach in New York, let out straight from the shoulder, and caught Mr. Breese on the point of his chin. The blow settled the rest of the speech, for the actor was knocked unconscious, and a physician had to be summoned to restore him to his senses.

Mr. Fred Lindsay, who has made so great a success in his unique show of handling the stock-whip at the Hippodrome, is a typical Australian, who was born and bred "down under," and acquired his skill to a certain extent in the beaten way of business, for he began chasing and driving cattle when he was about seventeen, and has even taken a drove right across the continent. While riding with cattle he used to amuse himself by flicking off the heads of flowers growing by the wayside, in much the same way as an English boy decapitates dandelions and other blossoms with a cane. Gradually he acquired great precision and skill in doing this, and for his own amusement he began inventing tricks and practising them. That he possessed more skill than any other man never, however, occurred to him until one day, when stationed at a place in which there was nothing but "sand and sin and sore eyes," to use his own happy phrase, a stock-man began

boasting of his skill with the whip and the number of cracks he could make. A friend of Mr. Lindsay's happened to hear him, and said he knew a man who, he believed, could beat the boaster. "I'll bet you five pounds he can't," the boaster replied. "I'll bet you ten pounds he can," replied Mr. Lindsay's friend. "I'll make it twenty-five pounds," said the boaster. "Done," said the friend; and the match was accordingly arranged. The boaster led off the cracks with the Sydney flash, which consists of cracking the whip in front, behind, and in front again without stopping. Mr. Lindsay replied by doing nine cracks in front and behind before he stopped, and then proceeded to do everything else his opponent did, and afterwards showed him things, like cutting a cigarette in two with the lash, which he could not attempt. It was a very disgusted and much humiliated boaster who handed over his twenty-five sovereigns at the end of the match.

Mr. Lindsay was one of the first bushmen to volunteer for service in the South African War, and his regiment was ninety-seven times under fire. Although he himself was wounded in the stomach and in the arm, he was never once absent from duty or from his place in the field. His skill in cutting out cattle with the whip often came in handy in South Africa, and on one occasion he captured some horses from the Boers by a feat of great

intrepidity. The Boers had put three or four horses on the sky-line as a bait, and Mr. Lindsay, with three comrades, rode out to capture them. In a little while four Boers came out to head them off. Luckily, however, the Australian regiment had a pom-pom, which they fired, and so scattered the pursuers. On this, however, all the Boers who were on the other side of the horses began to fire, and Mr. Lindsay and his companions had to run the gauntlet of that fire while at the same time they were chasing the horses, which they eventually succeeded in capturing, and they actually made their escape without any of them being wounded. It was one of the hottest rides for five minutes which any bushman probably had.

Mr. Walter Passmore has been inundated with dogs of all ages, sexes, sizes, and dispositions, to say nothing of varieties, since it was announced in one of the papers that he wanted a dog to accompany him in one of his songs in "Lady Tatters." One of the humorous ideas sent in to suggest the barking of a dog off the stage was a drawing representing, with an uncertain amount of accuracy, a four-and-a-half gallon cask of beer set up on two uprights. The artist whose work it was forwarded as instructions to Mr. Passmore that he was to get either a small or a large mallet and tap the cask smartly on the end, and he added, "When you do that it emits from the bung-hole the sound of a dog barking."



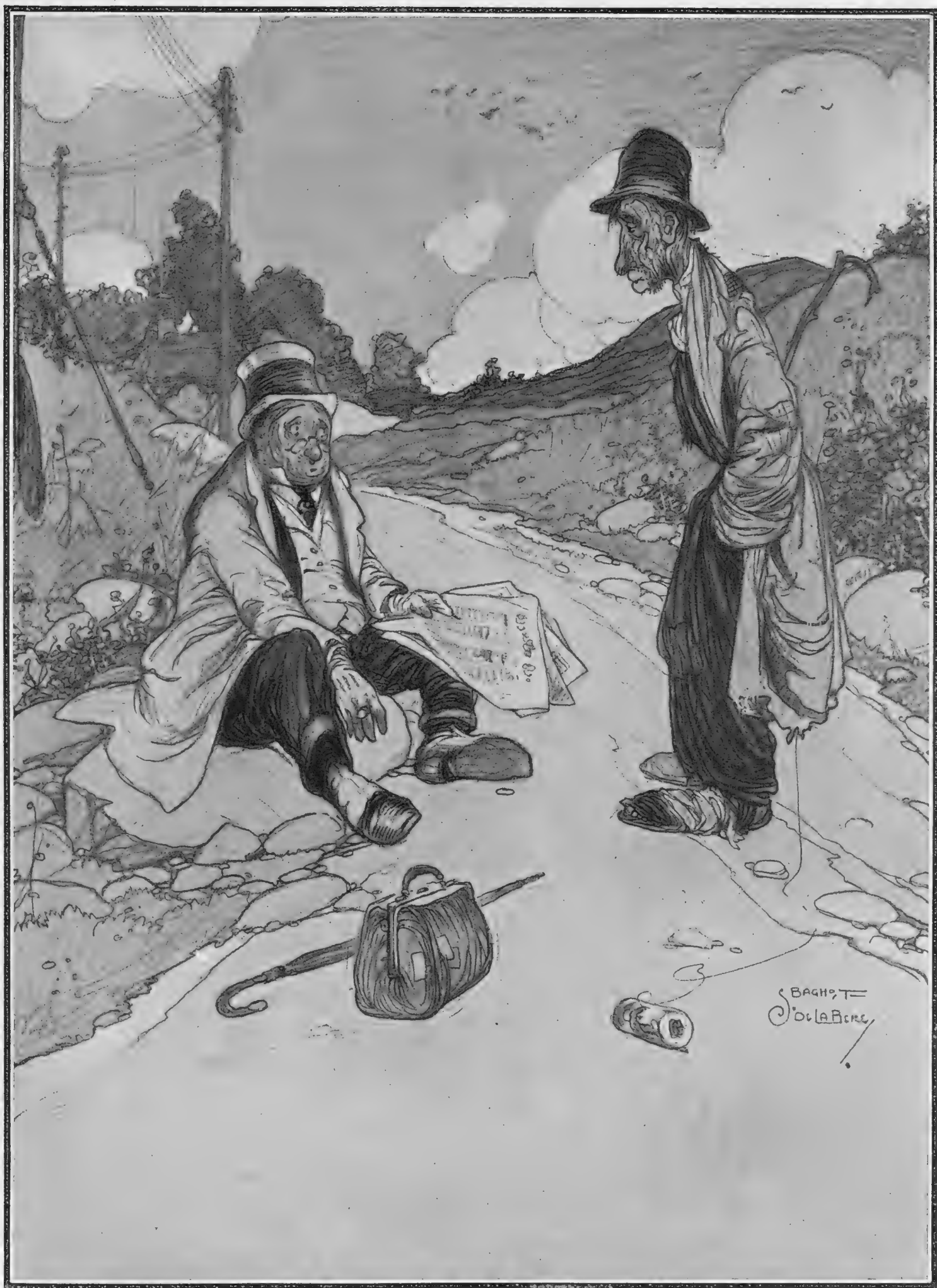
A PRIZE LIVING-PICTURE: Mlle. LO POSING.

The pose illustrated recently took the first prize in a competition for the best living picture held in Berlin.

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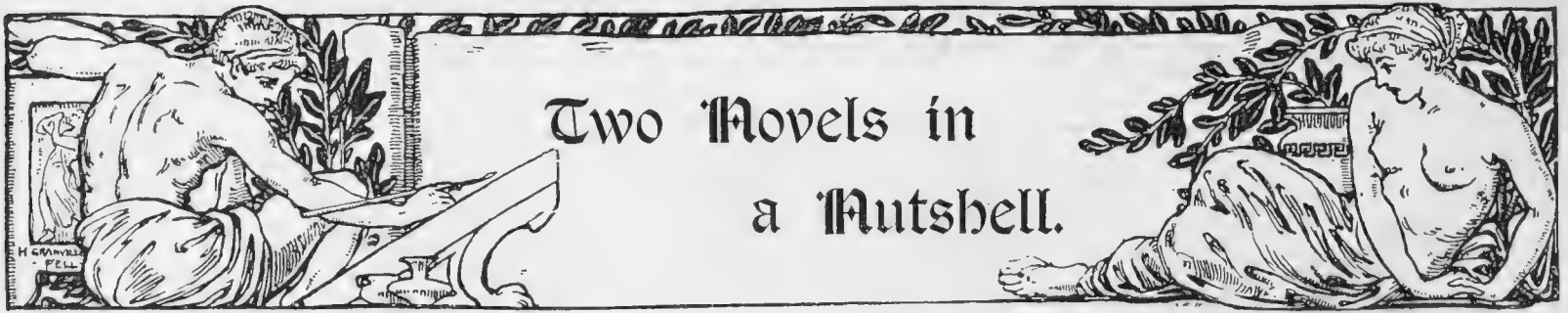
"OH, LUCKY JIM."



JIM THE MENDICANT: S'elp me, Sir, for three days I ain't 'ad a meal nor 'eard a kind word!

JAMES THE MAGNATE: You're lucky. I've been to three City banquets and listened to twenty-four complimentary speeches.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.



Two Novels in a Nutshell.

AN UNNECESSARY SACRIFICE.

BY F. HARRIS DEANS.

"WHAT is the matter?" cried Mrs. Veralour, after her guest had emitted five heartrending groans in three minutes.

"Nothing," replied the young man. He stroked his upper lip miserably and, after a moment's indecision, ventured yet another groan.

"My dear boy, don't make those noises," protested Mrs. Veralour.

"Noises!" This description of the eloquence of his soul's anguish roused him from frozen gloom to fiery indignation. "I don't expect sympathy," he cried; "but, at the same time you needn't laugh at a fellow."

"I'm not laughing," said Mrs. Veralour. "I shall cry if you make a—*a sound* like that again. What *has* happened?"

"Nothing, only I think my heart is broken."

He reflected on his critical condition for a moment.

"I shouldn't wonder if I died," he mentioned carelessly.

"But why?" demanded Mrs. Veralour, somewhat exasperated.

The young man gazed at her in surprise.

"Do you mean to say you haven't noticed anything?" he asked.

Mrs. Veralour surveyed him searchingly.

"N—o," she said.

"Not that I've shaved my moustache?"

"Of course," she said, "yes. And you've caught a cold without it."

The young man eyed her suspiciously, but saw nothing but commiseration expressed on her countenance.

"Did you ever so much as notice my moustache?" he inquired, wounded.

"Oh, yes," he was assured, "several times. It was a"—she paused undecidedly for a moment—"a nice one, wasn't it?"

The young man smiled complacently.

"I shouldn't say quite that," he returned; "not myself, you know. But it wasn't too awful, anyhow."

"You weren't ashamed of it," suggested Mrs. Veralour politely.

"No," he admitted, "I wasn't altogether ashamed of it." He frowned thoughtfully.

"You know Grace—Miss Hawkins," he said at length; "she did it."

"Good heavens!" gasped Mrs. Veralour. "Does her mother know?"

"I expect she's told her," was the reply.

"Grace, of all people!" went on the lady in horror. "Such a nice girl as a rule. What agony it must have been for you."

"It was pretty awful," he assented. An expression of pained amazement at his heroism crept into his eyes.

"Of course it was," agreed his hostess sympathetically. "I know when Jack goes to a new barber—"

"Good Lord," cried the young man, "I don't mean that she actually shaved me—not herself."

Mrs. Veralour gave a sigh of relief.

"But you said so," she expostulated indignantly.

"I'm sure I didn't," said the young man. "That is, I don't think I could have. I meant I shaved it off because she wanted me to. Took me months to grow, too."

"But why?" inquired Mrs. Veralour again. "I do wish you'd explain more." She became almost querulous.

"I've told you," he answered, somewhat annoyed at her denseness; "because she wanted me to."

"Yes, but—" began Mrs. Veralour in bewilderment.

"Well, you see. You know that fellow Carter, don't you—Bob Carter, tall, heavy-looking? Yes, well, we were both—well, you know. Grace couldn't make up her mind which of us it was, though. I told her myself, privately; but as Carter did the same, it didn't help her out much."

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Veralour.

"No. So then she suggested we should prove our—our feelings, you know, by making some sacrifice for her. I suggested Carter's proof should be to chuck—chuck up the sponge, so to say. But Carter thought not. So did Grace. *She* thought we should both make some sacrifice."

"Yes," said Mrs. Veralour, highly amused.

"Then she suggested that we should neither of us see her for a month. I told her that let *her* into it somewhat, but she didn't seem to mind. Girls are like that, you know—self-sacrificing, and that sort of thing."

"Oh, yes," agreed Mrs. Veralour, without a blush.

"Well, I went away for a month—visited some cousins, and had an awfully decent time. When I got back, though, I found that idiot Carter hadn't been away at all: been seeing her every day. Of course I got ratty, but she told me Carter had explained everything. Pretty feeble sort of explanation, it struck me."

The young man broke off and glared savagely at the fire.

"What was it?" inquired his hostess. "Do tell me."

"Why," continued the young man with an effort, "he said it was impossible for him to live for a month without seeing her. Well, it was just as bad for me. I might have said the same myself."

"But you didn't," pointed out Mrs. Veralour. There was some meaning in her tone.

"No, of course not," he grumbled. "I behaved honourably, and did what she told me. It was the proper thing to do."

"H'm," said Mrs. Veralour.

"Then she decided she didn't like moustaches; said they were unhygienic, and that sort of thing."

"She couldn't have much objection to yours, surely," said Mrs. Veralour.

"I shouldn't have thought so," said the young man innocently; "but she insisted on our shaving them. First of all, you know, I thought seriously of chucking the whole blessed thing up. There are limits, you know."

"Of course," murmured Mrs. Veralour.

"But I didn't. I lay awake all one night, and in the morning I was worked up to such a pitch that I jumped out of bed, got out my razor—"

"Oh!" Mrs. Veralour gave a stifled shriek, and then laughed. "I am silly," she declared. "Of course you couldn't have, or you wouldn't be here, would you?"

"But I did," insisted the bewildered young man.

"Yes," agreed his hostess, "but I didn't mean that quite. You looked so fearfully tragic, I thought—but go on."

"And shaved it," he continued, unaware of the anticlimax.

"Well?" said the lady, as he paused desolately.

"When I went round to tell her, I found that ass Carter kissing her."

"Ass?" demurred Mrs. Veralour, half to herself.

"She said they were engaged. And he hadn't shaved his moustache or anything. I don't call it cricket myself."

"N—o," agreed Mrs. Veralour. "But then—you weren't playing cricket, were you? Do you know," she suggested after a momentary silence, "I don't think she could have loved you."

"You don't?" said the young man eagerly.

Mrs. Veralour nodded compassionately.

"If I were only sure of that," stated he, with budding cheerfulness, "I shouldn't mind so much. I had a lucky escape, hadn't I?"

"I suppose it was an *escape*," she said. "Yes, I think you can be quite sure she didn't love you."

"In that case," he declared, rising to his feet, while a joyful smile lit up his countenance, "I shall commence growing my moustache again."

"I should," said Mrs. Veralour, holding out her hand. "It will be something to occupy your mind. Good-bye."

THE END.

NEW DUTIES FOR THE POLICE-TRAP MAKER.



THE AERIAL POLICE AT WORK—A VISION OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

DRAWN BY NOEL POCCOCK.

THE SECRET OF THE SANDS.

BY LYULPH LUMLEY.

A CROSS the flats towards the mouth of the river the sinking sun was spilling its gold on the sludge and sand, mapping out the grey ooze in bold patches of fire, and streaking it with molten channels as the flowing tide lapped its way, unrippled, over the treacherous quicks on which foot of man had never left a print to be filled by the incoming sea.

The silence, such silence as throbs in the ears, was pierced by the shrill, lamenting cries of gulls, rising and falling. It was a scene before which a man might linger motionless, chilled even in the soft air, or turn from with a brisk step and squared shoulders—according to the man and the mood of the man.

Stanford—Bertram Stanford—stood on the brink of the quick, a roughly staked path of bleached and crooked poles receding behind him to the high bank, above which rose, gaunt and out of place, a fisherman's inn—a solitary building, intruding on the desolation. Stanford's gaze was fixed mistily on the sands; vaguely he was groping for the spot where, three years ago, a man had wrestled, with hideous, impotent fury, against the cold, clinging sand as it crept up his body until it closed swiftly like a trap above his head.

In the hoarse scream of the gulls was taken up the dreadful cry that rose from the sinking man. Stanford listened to it again; again he stood with folded arms and stern, clenched lips: "Help from the shore! Help! Oh, God!"

And Stanford, knowing that no help could come, waited, and watched the end.

Once more he saw Carlhew before him, "the gentleman from London"; the puntmen and idlers on the inn benches called him—the smooth, careful man who weighed his chances against the weakness of women with the cool, deadly skill he practised as a fowler. Carlhew had come down with his duck-gun for a week's sport; then he stayed, for the beauty of Flower—sea-flower, sweetly, truly named—had dawned on his evil mood, as it had dawned on Stanford's heart. Strange child of rough fisher-people was she; fair flower to be plucked from the dank bed of the salt marshes. Carlhew would have torn a lily from its stem as lightly; Stanford have worshipped the white flower with a great and tender reverence.

Within a space, on the firm streak of sand, the two men stood face to face, the hush of twilight upon them, the wheeling gulls a winged chorus of mournful cries, their shrill challenges mingling with the conflict of human words below.

Stanford spoke slowly, determinedly, his single motive to save the girl who was everything, yet nothing to him. Carlhew, with a careless air of amusement, beneath which lay a pitiless and callous design, whipped and stung the other until every nerve in his body was quivering under restraint.

Suddenly Carlhew changed his tone, his lips drawn back like those of a snarling dog.

"Stop! I've listened to enough of your cant and your cheap morality; fight with your colours up; own you want the girl yourself, and I'll hear what you've got to say."

The blood flowed into Stanford's white cheeks until they tingled.

"I love her so well," he said in an even voice, "that I can ask you to marry her."

Carlhew laughed brutally.

"Thank you—you're devilish accommodating, but I rather question your right to make any proposal of the kind."

With an effort at self-mastery Stanford continued calmly with his purpose.

"What do you mean to do?"

Again Carlhew laughed.

"Good, I'll try and be as d—d candid. I haven't begun to think about it yet, but I'll give you a sporting chance. Odds you lose, even I win."

As he spoke Carlhew lifted the gun he carried across his arm and fired at random into the circling host of gulls. No sound followed the echo of the report, as, like a swiftly scudding cloud, the birds swept, untouched, out seawards.

With an oath Carlhew turned.

"Luck's on the side of the lady and the birds. I wouldn't have taken any sort of bet over it. Shall we wait till they come in again, or toss a coin?"

The muscles in Stanford's arms seemed to grow taut; words burst from his lips without control.

"You blackguard!" he cried, and his voice cut into the

stillness. "You foul brute! Stop, or by God I'll make you." He took a step which was more a lurch of insensible movement; but Carlhew stood his ground, a sardonic smile twisting his thin, protruding mouth.

Look here, Mister Murderous Prig," he sneered. "you should have thought of this remedy a bit sooner. It may be a worthy idea from your point of view to strangle me, or whatever your virtuous method is, but isn't it just a little too—late?"

Stanford sprang forward as though a bullet had struck him, his hands clenched and raised.

"Too late! What d'you mean?" he gasped fiercely.

To avoid the blow Carlhew stepped quickly backwards between the sea-bleached poles marking the hard channel. In an instant the soft quick was oozing over his boots. Once or twice he tore his feet from the grip, but the effort sent him plunging still deeper, still further away. . . . Quickly sinking now, curse and supplication mingled on his lips. . . .

Stanford stood, his arms across his breast.

"Help from the shore! Help! Oh, God!"

And Stanford, knowing no help could come, waited, and watched the end.

There had been no pity in Stanford then, there was none now: only the awful possession of this secret of the sands. For three years it had pressed close about him, thrusting itself before him waking, and through vengeful dreams, with fiendish cunning. All he asked was a mortal presence, not a lurking phantom, to share it with him. It was this impulse, which he knew he would resist in the end, which had brought him back now to the sands. An hour ago he had been full of the thought of seeking out the girl for whose honour he had pleaded, fought, and lost. Yet he had shunned the cottage where she lived; knowing what he did, he would rather her white face were but a memory.

Pulling off his cap and passing his hand across his face, Stanford tried to banish the scene of haunting agony from his mind. He gazed out over the sullen tide, upon the gliding surface of which a grey night mist was softly spreading. He listened half-consciously to the cry of the gulls, short and querulous, as one disturbed their number; and yet the silence seemed almost to echo in his ears.

At length, with a heavy, shuddering sigh, he began to walk between the shrouded avenue of leaning poles towards the shore, his eyes fixed on the furrowed sand. As he neared the sea-wall, thick with sedge and rank grass, a hand was laid on his arm. With a strange chilling of his blood he stopped and looked up. Beside him, dimly, he saw the face of Flower.

He could not speak. Again he felt the hand touch his arm. Then he heard her voice, low and quivering—

"I know."

Stanford's senses leapt.

"What d'you mean?" His voice sounded rough and harsh.

Her words rising and falling unevenly, the girl went on—"I was here on that evening, and—I saw. I stood and watched. I tried to call out for help; I could not. I could not move. Then I fell; I lay a long time—I think I must have fainted, because when I began to remember it was quite dark in the sky."

"What was he to you?" sternly Stanford demanded.

"He was nothing to me. Why did you let him die?"

Stanford was silent. How could he tell her now, how could he sully her with the thought? Then the quick reasoning of instinct asserted itself—

"You have told no one—this?"

"No."

"Why?"

Stanford was peering eagerly into her face now.

She shrank backwards. He saw a look of horror in her eyes.

"Because"—her voice was breaking pitifully—"if it had been different; because, if you—"

She ceased; she was sobbing.

Stanford's head dropped on to his breast.

"Oh, my God!" he moaned. Now he knew what might have been, and she was gone from him for ever.

For minutes they stood; she battling weakly with her sobs, he his brain a goading torment.

Then, with a great cry, he turned, and strode out once more towards the quicks—into the blackness.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

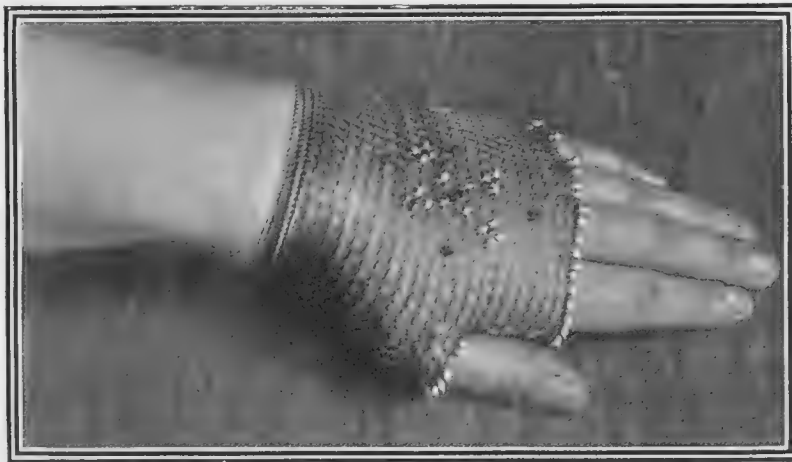
IN deciding to receive on Monday last the few surviving members of the heroic garrison who took part in the defence of the Residency at Lucknow, the King arranged one of the most memorable and interesting events of his life. Exceedingly touching was the dinner held by the same small body of heroes on May 24. They were celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Relief, and there were present, in addition to those who could remember the thrilling events commemorated, five gentlemen who as babies had survived the siege; while among the lady survivors, five were able to be present. The King has a remarkable knowledge of all the incidents connected with the Indian Mutiny, and during his tour he insisted on visiting all the principal places connected with what is perhaps the most glorious story in British history.

Political Gossip. The resignation of Lord Ribblesdale as chief Government Whip in the House of Lords marks yet another step in the political career of Lord Denman, who succeeds him. In these days ladies are supposed to play a great, if hidden, part in high politics; and the new Peer Whip is fortunate in his clever young wife, who is the only daughter of Sir Weetman Pearson, and has already won golden opinions as a successful Liberal hostess. Lord Colebrooke, another stalwart Liberal wearer of a coronet, will, it is whispered, shortly become Lord Steward of the Household. He is among the most intimate of the King's younger friends, and will probably be raised to an Earldom. It is also rumoured that if two new Judgeships are created one will be offered to Mr. Augustine Birrell, who certainly deserves well of his party, whose wit and intellectual brilliancy would much enliven the Law Courts.

The Kaiser's Plan to Beautify Paris.

The plan of Kaiser William for the beautification of Paris seems good. It does not quite accord with the scheme with which he is credited—a scheme of titanic statues of members of his house, with himself as the sculptured over-lord of all. The latest plan recalls the efforts of Louis Napoleon to make a new Paris. Those of us who know the French capital keep a warm corner in our hearts for him, if only for the noble boulevards that he made. The censorious gave their own account of his motives. He meant, they said, to have such a plan of streets that, if the need arose, he

could sweep every quarter of the city with his cannon. The opportunity for testing the efficacy of his work did not come while he was in Paris, so it is more charitable to think that he acted on the suggestion of the English engineer whose advice he sought. It was Edwin Chadwick, and he answered the Emperor's questions in these words: "Sire, Cæsar found Rome built with brick and left it built of marble: it will be a great thing for you, Sire, if posterity can say that you found Paris stinking and left it sweet."



A NEW FASHION IN JEWELLERY FOR THE HAND: A "MITTEN" OF GOLD CHAIN-WORK SET WITH JEWELS.

The cost of the mitten is about £100.—[Photograph supplied by the Topical Press.]

Suicide as a Revenge.

The Chinese have risen in rebellion, captured a brigadier-general's family, and caused them all to commit suicide in a well. So runs the cable. It is possible that the soldier's family needed no persuasion. Suicide is a form of revenge in China. Wound the feelings of a man, and he does not beg you to name your second, nor even your pet weapon; he commits suicide, in your presence for choice, and so brings upon you a peck

of trouble. Long-suffering as John Chinaman abroad may be, a little sets him off at home, and brings him to his end. Lord Napier told Tennyson that the incident which most impressed him with horror was an experience of this character in China. Some well-meaning fellow begged him to accept a dog as a gift. The Briton, unwilling to deprive the man of a treasured pet, declined the present. Thereupon that man with all his house committed suicide in Napier's well.

The Secret Motive.

Every Anarchist, they say, is mad. Recent exposures of plots go to prove that there is truth in the saying. But we do not always know the hidden cause which culminates in some great dignity of State. Some years ago an Austrian colonel of exalted name was suddenly struck dead in a café by a peasant, and all the world wondered why. The secret of that assassination was this: The colonel, when riding through a village, had allowed his dog to attack that of a rustic. The latter threw a stone which by chance struck the colonel's dog on the head and killed it. Its owner, in a fury, ordered the arrest of the villager, and caused him to be so cruelly beaten that he died. On the following day the colonel was sitting at wine with friends when an old man appeared, and with his dagger struck him dead. The murderer was the dead youth's father.

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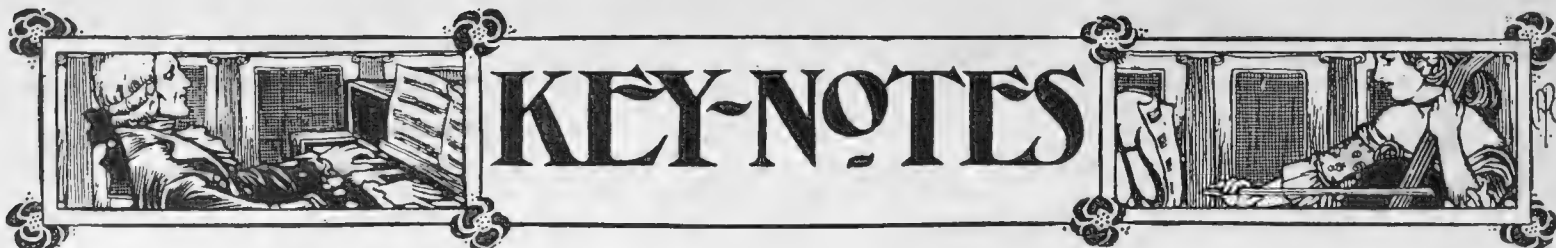
THE MAN WHO WILL SPEND MRS. RUSSELL SAGE'S 10,000,000 DOLLARS: MR. JOHN M. GLENN. Mr. Glenn has been trusted by Mrs. Russell Sage with the onerous duties of managing the Russell Sage Foundation Fund of 10,000,000 dollars. Offices have been rented, and work is to begin at once. The object of the foundation is "to investigate the reasons for social inequalities in the widest sense, bringing up such subjects as vices, gambling, and the drink question."

Photograph supplied by Laarnich



FOSTER-MOTHER OF THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS: THE NURSE OF THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF SPAIN.

The nurse comes from Santander, and was sent for as a precaution, so that she might be at hand in case of need. This was done by the advice of the Spanish head physician in attendance upon the young Queen.



PREPARATIONS for the Gala Performance at the Opera House on Tuesday next, in honour of the King and Queen of Denmark, proceed apace; they involve the use of hundreds of thousands of roses, and it is proposed to cover the proscenium frame with flowers. The royal box will be moved to the centre of the house, and will take the place of six ordinary boxes opening into the foyer, which will form the royal ante-room. Yellow roses and orchids will be used as decorations. Of course most of the flowers will be artificial, because the scent of real blossoms is quite overpowering, and if Covent Garden were decorated from floor to ceiling with some of the

Fräulein Destinn displayed a tendency to exaggerate her gestures and forget that Aïda was the daughter of a King; but, vocally, the performance was of high merit. The audience did not, as is usual, seem anxious to anticipate the last few bars, and hundreds waited to cheer Radames, Aïda, and Amneris. Save for a moment in the first act, when he allowed his orchestra to become too emphatic, Signor Campanini's handling of the score was masterly. The ballet was enlarged by what sounded like the music that Verdi added to his score at the request of the directors of the Paris Opera House. The dancing was good, but we were sorry to see the Temple dancers moving on the points of their toes, and the arrival of the victorious Radames associated with a *pas de bourrée*. The Egyptians knew nothing of these things.

Town being full and patronage abundant, recitals of the best class have been given day by day—sometimes, indeed, two, or even three, in the same afternoon. Mischa Elman and Kubelik have appeared in concerts at the Queen's Hall, Mr. Backhaus has given a successful pianoforte recital at the same place, and M. Raoul Pugno has added special distinction to the last of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts. Madame Chaminade has appeared at the Æolian Hall, Paderewski will give at least one recital this month, Mr. Kreisler has made another welcome appearance, while at the time of writing all London is looking forward to the great Beethoven concert in commemoration of



A BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN SINGER WHO IS APPEARING AT COVENT GARDEN: SIGNORINA ALICE ZEPELLI.

Signorina Zeppilli has had a short but brilliant career. Her performance in Catalani's "La Wally" caused something of a sensation in Cairo the winter before last, and she has since toured Mexico and America.

Photograph by Gallardo.

strong-scented roses that bloom in June, it would become a veritable death-trap. Special programmes and tickets are being printed, and at the time of writing it is proposed to make up the programme from "Madama Butterfly," "La Bohème," and "Die Meistersinger." This awaits the royal approval. Madame Melba will rest throughout the week, in the hope of being sufficiently well to sing on Tuesday next.

The revival of "Lohengrin" at Covent Garden must have been especially welcome to those lovers of opera who have no opportunity of hearing it on the Continent. Apart from some rather inferior work by the chorus, the first performance left nothing to be desired. Of Herr Cornelius, who was entrusted with the name-part, it may be said that his intonation was not always beyond reproach, but he sang from first to last, and acted with vigour and distinction. He made the Knight of the Grail live, and under these circumstances it is almost ungenerous to dwell upon the imperfections. The Ortrud of Madame Kirkby Lunn has done so much to establish her fame as a dramatic singer that there is no need to refer to it; and the Telramund of Mr. Clarence Whitehill is one of the creations that linger in the memory. In Wagner's operas the characters are not mere singing-machines, and if the singer chance to have a dramatic temperament the emotions that Wagner strove to express are revealed on the stage as well as in the orchestra.

"Aïda" has returned to the repertoire of the Opera House, and the return was associated with an outbreak of enthusiasm such as Covent Garden seldom hears. The opera is one of the finest of Verdi's earlier achievements: if he had not written "Otello" and "Falstaff" he would doubtless have been content to be judged by the work of the Egyptian Opera House. In the performance given last week very few points were lost. To be sure, Caruso was a little tired, and well he might be; his acting made for mirth; and for once



TRAM-DRIVER AND TENOR: MR. HORACE POTTS.

Mr. Potts is at present a tram-driver on the Wakefield and District Light Railway; but a fund is being raised to enable him to study singing for three years. It is believed that he will prove himself the possessor of one of the finest tenor voices ever heard in England. He was "discovered" by Miss Milnes Gaskell; daughter of Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell.

Photograph by Hall.

Dr. Richter's thirty years of service. If it is hardly possible to keep in touch with all these performances, how can one hope to deal with the bewildering number of young players who are coming forward day after day, quite well equipped, but without regard for the laws of supply and demand? Audiences grow year by year, but they cannot keep pace with performers.

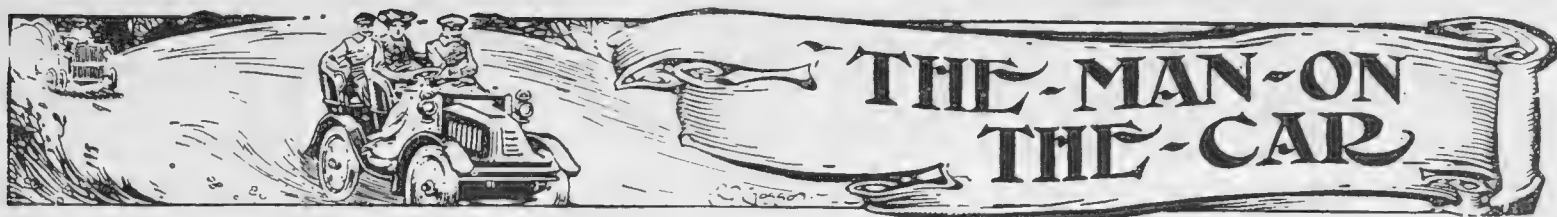
A very interesting rumour is current in musical circles to the effect that Signor Tito Ricordi has accepted an engagement to manage Mr. Hammerstein's opera-house in New York. For once rumour is very definite, and quotes as the salary to be paid for services rendered the startling figure of £8000 a year. It is difficult to suppose that Signor Ricordi would be tempted to accept the post without a very large consideration, because he is already one of the chief partners in a musical publishing business that is second to none in Europe, and he has more than one man's work to do as it is. It is easy to see that Italian music will be developed to no small extent in America should Signor Ricordi undertake the control of Mr. Hammerstein's venture. COMMON CHORD.



A PUPIL OF JEAN DE RESZKE: MISS OLGA LYNN.

Miss Lynn is a promising pupil of M. Jean de Reszke. She is to give a vocal recital at the Bechstein Hall on Thursday afternoon, and she will be assisted on that occasion by M. Edouard de Reszke.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



PECULIARITIES OF MAGNETO IGNITION: FUSED SPARKING-POINTS—THE EASE OF THE MICHELIN DETACHABLE RIM—THE GOOD ALBIONS—KILLING THE T. T. RACE.

I WOULD whisper a word of advice to those of my readers who favour the use of high-tension magneto ignition on their cars. Excellent and effective as is this method of firing the compressed charges of explosive gas in the cylinders of our engines, it occasionally exhibits one or two little peculiarities which affect the engine performance, and if not suspected are more than irritatingly baffling. Now with accumulator coil-fed ignition the voltage—that is, the pressure of the induced or high-tension current, which leaps the gap in the sparking-plugs and fires the charge—is fairly constant, and does not, as a rule, produce such heat as to affect the sparking-points of the conductors. But

a work of minutes only. The relief from the detaching and attaching struggle on the road must be experienced to be appreciated.

It is remarkable to note how some cars win their way into public favour without the trumpeting of their qualities which, say, some six-cylinder cars appear to require. Their use grows rapidly, and when their appearance is remarked, "A good car that" is the comment that falls unprovoked from those who follow the trend of events in the motoring world. One such car, a British-built vehicle that at once presents itself to my mind in this connection, is the four-cylinder Albion, the sole concessionaires



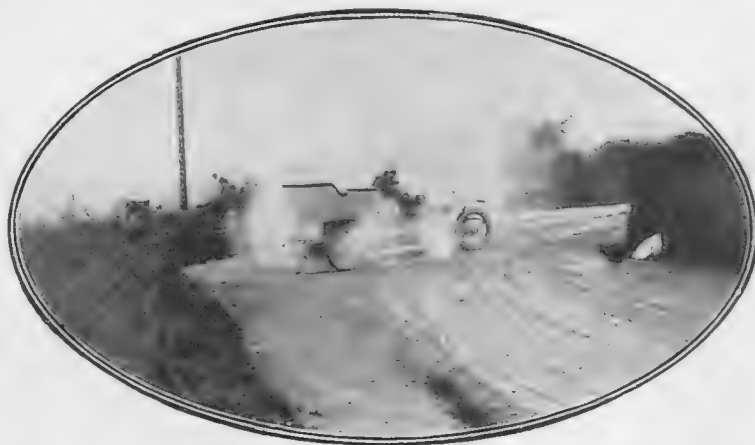
A REMARKABLE SKID AT THE MOST DANGEROUS TURN ON THE TOURIST TROPHY COURSE: THE 16-20-H.P. WEST ASTER AT WILLASTON CORNER—BEFORE THE SKID.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

with high-tension magneto ignition the voltage of the current, and therewith the temperature of the spark, increases enormously with the speed, so that at times the sparking-points of the plug are burnt away until the gap between them is so great that the current will not leap across it, or the metal of the points is fused so that it actually bridges the gap, and no spark takes place. Therefore it is wise to employ special plugs for this class of ignition, such as the Pogon - Hobson magneto plugs, which are iridium-pointed, and therefore rarely, if ever, burn away or fuse across.

Little by little the pneumatic tyre is losing its terrors for motorists. The addition of non-skid bands to the treads of normal tyres has a wonderfully protective influence, inasmuch as one now drives day after day without any tyre trouble to speak of. This is in marked

contrast to the conditions which obtained some two or three years ago, when a day's ride without one puncture at least was a day to be marked red in the calendar. The improved leather steel-studded treads now provided to Michelin tyres are even more efficient against the perforating enemy than those previously fitted; and when such tyres are mounted on the Michelin detachable rims, tyre troubles have no terror for the motorist. With Michelin detachable rims, it is once used always used. The withdrawal of a spent tyre, and the fitting of a fully inflated one carried ready on its own rim is



A REMARKABLE SKID AT THE MOST DANGEROUS TURN ON THE TOURIST TROPHY COURSE: THE 16-20-H.P. WEST ASTER AT WILLASTON CORNER—AFTER THE SKID; TURNED COMPLETELY ROUND.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

for which are the Lacre Motor Car Company, Limited, of 1 to 5, Poland Street, W. Now much of the all-round reputation for reliability enjoyed by these most popular cars is the property also of the Lacre vans, owned by Messrs. Barker and Co., of Kensington; Messrs. Harrod, of Brompton; and others. I cannot recall, nor can anyone I have asked ever recall, one of these vans broken down by the roadside. Like Charley's Aunt, they are "always running"!

It would seem that the Royal Automobile Club have killed the Tourist Trophy Race by too much cherishing. By cherishing I would be understood to mean a too compact hedging about of conditions compliance with which must, if any competitor desires to get the course on the full allowance, rob his circuit-driving of anything like sensationalism. The



A FINE TOURING-CAR: THE 28-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER, SHOWING THE SPECIALLY DESIGNED SEAT FOR THE CHAUFFEUR.

dead weight of over 12 cwt. which must be carried on the chassis, exclusive of petrol and water, is at least 7½ to 8 cwt. more than such cars would be called upon to bear in the shape of bodies. Then, again, the clearance and the wheel-gauge, being arbitrarily adhered to, have put manufacturers to considerable and unnecessary expense in constructing special axles, which, after all, are only an inch or so out one way or the other. Previous to the race the feeling in the island amongst the competitors was that with the contest of 1907 would come the last of the Tourist Trophy Races.

("The Man on the Car" is continued on a later page.)

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE KING'S HORSES—THE DOWNS—ASCOT.

TIME flies and tires. It was in 1896 that Persimmon won the Derby for the King, then Prince of Wales. I stood about a yard from the judge's box to see the finish, and for the benefit of the Doubting Thomases I might add, Persimmon beat St. Frusquin a good neck. *The Sketch* was published on the morning of that day, and contained a portrait of Persimmon with J. Watts in the saddle, and the bookstall at Victoria Station was covered with numbers of the paper at the time of the Prince of Wales's return to town. Marsh's stable was going strong at the time, and the royal colours were frequently in the van. Now it seems impossible for the Egerton House horses to win anything, and the King's animals are seemingly a lot of second-rate performers. It is therefore not a matter for surprise to learn that his Majesty has determined on having a weeding-out sale, with a view to importing new blood into the Sandringham stud. It is, as all race-goers know, a matter for general disappointment when the royal colours are continually beaten. I should like to see his Majesty running horses in the big handicaps, and no royal victory was more popular than that of Florizel II. in the Manchester Cup of 1895. It was said at the time that the cheering might have been heard for miles when the "All right" was called. Truly the King has struck a bad patch in his racing ventures, of late, and seemingly his Majesty is about to adopt the only sensible course to ensure a change in his fortunes. High-priced mares and stallions are not always the most successful at the stud. Take the case of Laodamia, once the fastest mare in training. She has bred nothing of any account. On the other hand, Go On, the dam of Polar Star, was bought by Mr. Hall Walker for a trifling sum.

The great Cockney carnival still has as firm a hold as ever on the workaday people, and it would be hard to beat the crowd gathered at Epsom on the Derby Day. It has been stated that those who attend simply go out for the holiday, and that they take no heed of the racing; but I do not fancy this argument will hold water for an instant, for innocent holiday-makers do not, as a rule, pay 8s. 6d. for a first-class return fare when, a week later, they could do

the same journey in greater comfort for 2s. 6d. No; that is not good enough, not even for the horse-marines. The Derby, as a rule, has a great attraction the world over, and it is in many circles considered an important plank in the platform of life to see the biggest race of the day run for once at least. If the arrangements

were brought right up to date, the reunion would be more pleasurable to quite three-fourths of the people who congregate on the opposite side of the Downs, and it would be an act of grace were the executive to comply with the wishes of a big majority and do the needful. For example, the bookies across the course should not be allowed to put up huge posters which prevent the rear rank of spectators from seeing anything of the finish for the Derby. A number-board should be erected, say in Langland's ring, so that the crowd on the opposite side could see the starters and jockeys, and the same should be done below Barnard's ring en route to the paddock. If this were seen to there would be no

need at all to allow people on the course. The cost would be infinitesimal compared with the damage done to the race-track in an exceptionally dry season by the trampers. I suppose it would be considered criminal if I were to suggest that Tattersall's ring might be enlarged by slicing off a bit from the Members' enclosure. Yet if I were in power this is what would actually be done.

The publication of the entries for the Ascot Stakes, Royal Hunt Cup, and Wokingham Stakes is a reminder that Ascot will come into the reckoning presently. As a matter of fact, the meeting on the Royal Heath will open on June 18, just a fortnight after the Epsom meeting. This has been a capital season for the Ascot track, which is looking at its very best just now, being well covered with herbage. A record crowd is expected, and already many more applications have been received for admission to the royal enclosure than could possibly be accommodated. Viscount Churchill, who represents the Crown, has been assiduous in his attention to the arrangements, which will be found to be very complete. It would be a waste of time to discuss the handicap before the appearance of the weights; but I shall be disappointed if Nocturniform does not run well in the Ascot Stakes—that is, if he is not crushed by weight. The horse is a good one when at his best, and Gourd is very likely to run well in this race; so is St. Day if he will put any heart into his work. I have heard very few tips for the Royal Hunt Cup, which, in my opinion, is a race best left alone until the numbers have gone up, as there are no declarations of forfeit. A great street-corner "pinch" for this event is Hillspite, who is trained by Sam Darling at Beckhampton. For the Gold Cup the Newmarket people think that The White Knight cannot be beaten. The horse is very well just now, and may go close, but it is on the cards I may find something to beat him before the day of the race.

CAPTAIN COE.



MAHARAJAH AND FAMOUS POLO-PLAYER:
THE MAHARAJAH OF ALWAR.

The youthful Maharajah of Alwar, who arrived in England a few days ago, rules over some 3200 square miles, and nearly a million people, in Northern India. He is twenty-four, and already famous as a polo-player. It is thought possible that he will make an appearance on one or another of the English polo grounds during his stay in this country.



A FAMOUS RACEHORSE-OWNER ON A DONKEY: M. EDMOND BLANC,
THE FRENCH SPORTSMAN.

M. Blanc's name is almost as well known in England as it is in France. He is the owner of a fine racing stable, and his horses have won the Grand Prix seven times. He is a brother of Princess Constantine Radziwill, and the late Princess Roland Bonaparte.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Artful Sex. How artful we are as a sex I did not realise until I witnessed "George Paston's" highly diverting comedy, "Clothes and the Woman," the other night. The author, being a literary "George," is, of course, a lady; but she has given the feminine show away with a completeness that is a trifle disconcerting. We literally see her wan and be-spectacled heroine transformed into an all-conquering creature by means of switches of hair, "liquid bloom," scarlet petticoats, and the like aids to masculine seduction. Dressed and "faked" and coquetting in a riverside house, Robina has all the men at her feet; when she returns to Bloomsbury, resumes her drab blouse, and sardonically invites her adorers to look at "the rag and the hank of hair" with which she has enslaved them, they fall away one by one, and she is left with the local doctor, whom she once despised. The moral of all this is that if the so-called superior sex is so easily led by the nose—or, rather, by the eyes—it behoves us all, in the interests of the race, to dress as much and as often as we can. If Robina had not discarded so incontinently her rose-coloured skirts and cheeks to match, she might have married the gallant and wealthy Colonel, whom she cares for; whereas life with the doctor in Bloomsbury will obviously not be *folâtre*. George Paston has a pretty wit and a store of observation, so that in the writing of comedy she should go far.

Self-conscious England. For the second time in our history—the first was in the spacious times of Elizabeth—we are rapidly becoming a self-conscious nation. We are continually hoisting the Union Jack, and admiring it as if we had never seen it before; street musicians play the National Anthem with "damnable iteration" outside one's window; all parties in the State—except our worthy Socialists—outvie each other in protests of loyalty and devotion to the most Imperial Island in the world; and for the last two or three years we have had a series of provincial pageants which have reproduced in dramatic fashion the local history for a trifling period of a thousand years or so. Mr.

Rudyard Kipling, in a recent book of tales, depicted with his own literary cunning the strange sense of continuity which hangs around every dell and forge, every stream and mill on English soil. A passion for England and its Empire is astir in the air, and though it does not yet take the form among its menkind of a desire to enrol themselves even as citizen soldiers, this last and most laudable expression of devotion and loyalty will no doubt come in time. And if some of us feel inclined to smile at all these outward and visible manifestations of pride in England, we must remember that the mass of English folk are curiously unalive to the romance and fatefulness of their national destiny. The late Dr. Whewell once defined a University viva voce examination as "an impious attempt to plumb the depths of

human ignorance." Whether it be impious or not, Lord Meath and his fellow-Imperialists are determined that the national deeps shall be cleaved by the plummet-line.

Jeanne d'Arc and Peter Pan. Yet we are nothing if not cosmopolitan nowadays, and we need not be surprised if, among the strange ironies which history loves to perpetrate, a distinguished American theatrical manager should purchase the house of Jeanne d'Arc in Orleans, and plump it down bodily in Kensington Gardens. But why, the uninitiated will ask, in London, and especially in Kensington? Yet the juxtaposition is not altogether inappropriate. If the radiant spirit of the Maid of Orleans still haunts the scene of her extraordinary exploits and the rooms she once moved and breathed in, and these are to be transplanted to the leafy gardens in Hyde Park, what better comrade could she desire than Peter Pan, who, too, saw visions and went out into the wide world in search of adventure? For Jeanne, also, never "grew up." She is the immortal Child of Genius, for no one but a child would have had the sublime audacity that this ignorant peasant-girl had. She "played at soldiers," became a generalissimo and led a victorious army. She played at politics, saved a nation, and crowned a King. She said her prayers, and became a martyr and a saint.

The Teddy-Bear. A small and furry person, with a charming disposition and engaging manners, has lately been imported into this island from America. It is called the "Teddy-Bear," out of compliment to a big-game shooting President, and no millionaire's suite on a monster liner is complete without one of these interesting creatures. Whoever possesses a Teddy-Bear will cross the ocean with pomp and circumstance, be the cynosure of all eyes, and the recipient of unbounded attentions. For this entertaining animal has not only a charming character, but lovable ways. It will snuggle on your lap for hours, assume the drollest attitudes, never get vexed or out of temper, and will

enable you to dispense with bridge, new novels, remarks about the day's run, insipid flirtations, superfluous meals, and the like devices for killing time between Sandy Hook and the Mersey. A soft and cuddlesome specimen which was shown me had spent most of its time on the homeward voyage with no less an awe-inspiring personage than the ship's Commander, and this, as we all know, is a distinction the haughtiest beauty might envy. The little creature is only about a foot high, but is almost as broad as it is long, and it will gaze at you with touching confidence and affection, while another of its attractions is that it is deliciously soft to caress. For the Teddy-Bear is made of chenille, and is stuffed with some curiously pliable material. Moreover, when you squeeze him, he blinks his beady eyes at you.



A RACE-COAT AT PETER ROBINSON'S, OXFORD STREET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE weather has made dress arrangements matters of extreme difficulty of late. That pride is never too hot nor too cold is true of pride, perhaps; but contention between the desire for admiration and for comfort must always be compromised, since no one who is uncomfortable ever looks really well. Somehow the difficulty is overcome, and a great race meeting, such as the Derby, is the occasion for a charming dress-display, whatever the tempera-

ture may be. Jupiter Pluvius alone can spoil the effect, and, in our so-called summer, he is rarely a persistent force; even his tricks are comparatively rare. The cold snap immediately preceding the great race-meeting made women select summer cloths supple and soft as chamois leather for their dress, or else the thicker variety of tussore silk and of voile and grenadine, while coats were provided in case of continued cold. Although this foresight was practised, the colours chosen were light and lovely, and the hats all of summer-like character—pale-tinted chips of net and tulle and chiffon, or crinoline, and of coloured straws, and all trimmed with festive-looking flowers and feathers.

Nearly all the

people I know seem to be providing themselves with a country residence within motor drive of town. It is a most diverting entertainment for women furnishing these pleasure-houses, ranging from simple cottages to beautiful old manors in extensive grounds, according to the income of the proud proprietors. At Oetzmann's great, big place in the Hampstead Road I met three friends all busy trying to choose between the varied attractions of the many bargains included in the sale going on there. Oetzmanns are turning the concern, which has grown immense, into a joint-stock company, and are making genuine reductions of from 10 to 50 per cent. My friends were discussing the merits of a marvellously cheap Sheraton suite and of carpets so very low in price and so good that they settled on the spot to carpet three rooms which they had quite made up their minds were only to have mats on their floors. They were three delighted and excited women, I can tell you, and they were picking up for trifles all sorts of nice things which they had decided were too expensive and had made up their minds to do without. Their visit, they said, was the result of having looked into an illustrated catalogue of the sale. I must say it was most attractive.

Babies are queer things, quite incomprehensible to the average girl who finds herself with one of these unconsciously most fascinating pets in creation, which just grips and holds her heart-strings, since it is her very own. A girl I know has one, the dearest mite, and she was just one big bubble of happiness with it. Alas! most easily things went wrong: Baby's mother was only a girl; baby's grandmother was old-fashioned in her advice; and his Majesty was ill from indigestion. Then came the

Woman-About-Town's turn, and a suggestion that a little brochure called "Baby's Welfare," from Allen and Hanbury's, 37, Lombard Street, E.C., should be sent for was hailed with delight. Now the king of the nursery has, I hear, come into his own good health again on Allenbury's foods, and crows and kicks and coos to the delight of the entire household, including a big St. Bernard dog, the most determined baby-worshipper of them all!

Why cannot we live without a liver? If we could, life would indeed be worth living. However, that much-abused portion of what Mrs. Malaprop would doubtless call our infernal arrangements is what I call a good deal put upon. Our temperature varies several degrees in a day at times, we dine well, take little exercise, we worry much more than we need, and we never help the liver, on which all these things tell tremendously. Now a dose of Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer when things begin to go wrong is splendid value. Of course, we can never know how bad they would have been if we had not taken the dose; but I am assured that even if things passive are permitted to become active, and neuralgia, headache, indigestion and dyspepsia turn life blue and black, the Bromo-Seltzer will make it all rosy again if we give it a good chance. Then it is one of the things that are good for us which are also nice. Most of them are so very nasty.

For the races this week the gowns are so dainty and delicate in colour that protection is necessary for them. It must be in keeping with the gown. An illustration of one of the Paris models acquired

by the famous house of Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, is an excellent example of the last word in elegant wraps. The hat, a model from the millinery salons of the same firm, has its flattering little tale to tell of the becomingness of up-to-date head-gear. The coat is Shantung—the new heavy tussore—and is in a lovely soft shade of rose-pink. The collar of Japanese embroidery is in shaded Oriental blue, with roses raised in gold. Down the sides of the cloak are wide bands of satin and silk embroidery of its own rich subdued rose tint. The shape is adapted from the kimono, and has a square loose back, while the sleeves are kimono shape, finished with embroidery, and, while quite protective, will not crush a dainty dress-sleeve or restrain free movement of the arms. The hat is of shot rose and white fine straw. The feathers are soft, rich rose colour, and the band of ribbon the same shade is veiled in smoke-grey silken tulle.

It is a pleasure to see such charming things, and it is extraordinary to find that facsimiles of some of the most graceful French models are made up in the great establishment of Peter Robinson, with no difference from the original, in all the pretty new shades of soft light cloth, at just half the price, and less than half in some instances, of the original.



THE FATHER OF THE PIANOFORTE TRADE AND HIS WIFE: MR. AND MRS. JOHN BRINSMEAD, WHO CELEBRATED THE 70TH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR WEDDING A FEW DAYS AGO.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Brinsmead are 92 years of age. Mr. Brinsmead founded the great house that bears his name in 1837. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, has been decorated with the Royal Order of Knighthood (Villa Vicoza) by the King of Portugal, and is honoured with Royal Appointments from the King and Queen, and many other royal houses of Europe.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.



A BEAUTIFUL 17TH-CENTURY CONTADOR IN THE EXHIBITION OF SPANISH ART OPENED AT MESSRS WARING'S BY THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

The contador is richly inlaid, contains numerous drawers, and has a fall-down flap embellished with metal mounts. The ebonised stand has slides terminating in finely carved masks. The piece forms part of an exhibition of Spanish art opened at Messrs. Waring's Antique Gallery by the Spanish Ambassador on Monday last. The exhibition includes modern Spanish pictures, and much fine furniture, textiles, bric-à-brac, and Cordova leather-work.



THE STAGE MRS. HONOUR AND HER STEED: MISS CARRIE MOORE AND HER BEESTON-HUMBER BICYCLE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 11.

FINANCIAL INDISCRETIONS.

WE are frankly astonished that Lord Rothschild should don the bearskin so openly. His *Pall Mall* pessimisms might have done serious harm. The cheap vapourings of the Americanised Unionist press hurt nobody; their special pleading is often as obvious as their statements are misleading. But when Lord Rothschild descends into the arena where politics squabble over finance, then may we well rub our eyes. It was not altogether nice of markets to advance so sharply on the day following the sage jeremiads of New Court. Rather uncalled for, even Lord Rothschild must have thought. Don't imagine that markets are going ahead with too rapid a swing. They won't. There is a lot of undigested stock floating about, and it is going to take weeks to clear this off. Memories are short, but liquidation often takes long, and markets are bound to suffer for some time to come from the peddling out of stock that is being nursed. Watch markets: watch with an eagle eye, because instinct sometimes shows when prices are on the bed-rock, or near to it. No need to come in when things are looking what the House calls "as good as gold." Wait until the next day, or the one after that. They are going to be see-saw markets all this month.

AMERICAN CHANCES.

In-and-out: buy a few shares when they come over flat, and a few more if they go flatter in the evening. They will recover right enough, and give you a good chance for taking quick profits. Only don't be afraid—or too greedy—to take the profit when it comes. The nimble ninipence is the thing, and when the gods provide a dollar gain, snap it and be thankful. For jobbing, the Yankee Market will be fine; and Atchisons, on a 6 per cent. basis and standing at about 91, make an attractive medium for bullish speculation on any system except the cover, or option, or suchlike bucket-shop inventions. Should leave the lower-priced rubbish alone. If you must have these or die, deal in Missouri.

THE TREE IN THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

"Why don't people gamble in Kaffirs," did you ask? Partly, dear friendly reader, because the Tree of Knowledge in the Kaffir Circus has grown into such a shapely, all-pervading presence. We know too much. What with monthly returns, ore reserves, life of mine, quarterly reports, and so on, people begin to find out as much as those actually in the know. So fades all speculative attraction. Chinamen? Radical Government? Not a bit of it! Or not much of a bit of it, anyway. Give us a mine we know next to nothing about—one that has never paid a dividend, and is never likely to, but has enormous possibilities of a rise in capital value. We don't want dividend-payers for our gambles: we don't want to know too much. But here is the Tree of Knowledge constantly putting forth new branches of information, statistics, mathematical formulæ. Absolutely poisonous, these, to any spirit of gambling. Or, as some people call the same thing, healthy speculation.

THE SANITAS COMPANY.

We have so often recommended these shares, and so many of our readers have followed our advice, that no apology is needed for referring to the very satisfactory report and accounts presented to the meeting. The Chairman was able to congratulate the shareholders upon a record year's sales in 1906, and upon the completion of the removal of the factory and other premises from Bethnal Green to their own freehold property at Limehouse, the whole cost of which had been defrayed out of revenue. The removal to larger premises will enable the Company to deal more effectually with their continually increasing business, and upon a more economical basis.

The accounts presented were for fifteen months ended March 31, 1907, and a balance dividend was declared, making the total distribution for that period $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., after payment of the cost of removal and re-erection of plant and machinery, and placing £2000 to reserve.

To the investor who will take the ordinary risks of trade, the shares, returning over $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., present a very favourable chance of employing his spare cash, and that, too, with less risk of depreciation than in many so-called gilt-edged securities.

EDWARD AND JOHN BURKE, LIMITED.

The shareholders in this well-known Dublin firm of export bottlers will receive in a few days the annual report for the year ending April 30 last, and will be pleased to find that the record established last year has again been beaten by a handsome margin. Below will be found the profits for each of the last five years, the amounts carried to reserve, and the dividends on the Ordinary shares—

		Profits.	To Reserve.	Dividend on Ordinary shares.
Year ending April 30, 1903	...	£71,611	nil.	6 per cent.
" " 1904	...	£75,176	£5000	6 "
" " 1905	...	£75,665	£5000	6 "
" " 1906	...	£87,487	£10,000	$7\frac{1}{2}$ "
" " 1907	...	£101,244	£30,140	$8\frac{1}{2}$ "

It will be seen that the record is one of steady progress, and that a moderate increase of dividend has gone hand in hand with a large increase in the amounts added to the Reserve fund, which is invested outside the business and amounts now to £155,000. The capital of the Company is £600,000—half in 60,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £5 each, and half in 60,000 Ordinary £5 shares. There are also £500,000 in irredeemable Debentures, carrying 6 per cent. interest. The present prices of these three classes of shares are—Ordinary, £6 $\frac{1}{2}$; Preference, £5 $\frac{1}{2}$; Debentures (of £10 each), £12 $\frac{1}{2}$. The Ordinary shares, therefore, return a buyer at present prices over $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and the Preference about $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The Preference shares are exceptionally well secured, and the ordinary seem well worth their present price. The Company's business is world-wide, and there are branches in Liverpool, London, New York, Melbourne, Sydney, and Johannesburg. At the last general meeting the Chairman, Sir John Nutting, remarked: "I have never felt so hopeful for the future as I do at the present time. The foreign business of our Company extends to practically all the known markets of the world, and while this necessarily subjects us to the vicissitudes of a very wide field, yet it must also be considered a wide insurance of our earning power." He went on to instance the great improvement in the Company's business in Australia, which they were able to offset against the depression in South Africa. As the Company's success depends to a considerable extent on its close connection with Messrs. Guinness and Co., it may also be well to quote a few words from a reply given by a Director, Sir Henry Cochrane, to a shareholder who asked if there was any truth in the rumour that Guinness and Co. contemplated bottling their own stout for exportation. Sir Henry said he had been listening to this rumour for the last thirty years. Guinness and Co. would not bottle their own stout. His friend need not be in the least afraid of that.

Saturday, June 1, 1907.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER.—The Credit Foncier is practically a land mortgage bank in the management of which the Government has great influence. Take care you are not charged more than the market price for what you buy. Most of the advertising touts quote 40 per cent. over the proper value as their selling price.

ANXIOUS.—We should sell the Diamond shares and hold the Nitrate De'ferred. Both are gambles, and we may be quite wrong.

A. B. C.—Great Northern Preferred Ordinary is quite a good security.

PROFIT.—These touts charge you 30 or 40 per cent. above the true market price for the bonds. The proper price of the three bonds is not twenty guineas, but £14 15s. 6d., and if you want to buy we will send you the name of a broker who will get them for you at about that figure.

SPEC INVESTOR.—(1) Very little known of this Diamond Company here. Can give no opinion. (2) As to buying any Kaffirs we do not think a revival very probable; but a good deal depends on the political position in the Transvaal, as to which you must know better than we do.

OASIS.—The price of shares is the most suspicious thing about the Company. We think there must be a screw loose.

A. P.—River Plate Gas shares are quite good enough, or Imperial Continental Gas stock. The Debentures, of course, are safer, but less likely to improve. Now is a good time to buy good Argentine Railway stock, such as Buenos Ayres and Pacific 5 per Cent. Pref. or B. A. Great Southern 5 per Cent. Pref.—both quite safe and cheap.

AJAX.—There is no particular reason for the fall. The prospects are good, but we doubt a rise in present state of markets. See Rule 5.

KALLY.—(1) No. The Commonwealth Company will soon be producing. (2) It might affect them. (3) We think the only way to make money is "In and Out." (See this week's Notes.) (4) We don't believe in the Company. (5) Yes, as far as we know.

ANDREWS.—No room to discuss the prospects. At about 3s. the shares are good, and we prefer them to either of the other Companies you name.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Epsom I think Slieve Gallion will win the Derby, and Bezonian should get a place. For the Oaks I like Witch Elm, and for the Coronation Cup, The White Knight. Other fancies of mine are: Stewards' Handicap, Altitude; Town Plate, Goldwin; Durdans Plate, Dean Swift; Royal Stakes, Mildew II.; Horton Handicap, Abet; Great Surrey Foal Plate, Bracelet; Belmont Plate, Tebworth; Chipstead Handicap, Vasco; Acorn Stakes, Popinjay. At Kempton I fancy the following: Windsor Castle Handicap, Benthon; Kenton Plate, St. Day; Kingston Handicap, Galoneer; Redfern Plate, Llangwm.

THE "DANGERS" OF BALLOONING.

UTTER the word "ballooning," and forthwith there rises up before the affrighted eyes of all who have never indulged in the newest Society pastime a vista of all sorts of disasters. At the very outset a danger threatens, for, in the popular belief, the aeronaut may come to grief at the start. This belief is fostered by an accident which happened just a quarter of a century ago, when, in June 1882, the car in which Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny sat was dashed against a wall, and the aeronaut's left leg was broken in two places.

Such an accident could not happen to-day, for it must be remembered that a great advance in ballooning has been made in the last twenty-five years. The striking of an obstacle when rising is due merely to bad judgment in not having sufficient lifting-power at the start. Nowadays a bag of sand is placed on the edge of the car, so that if the balloon has not sufficient lifting power it can be thrown over, and the balloon lightened immediately.

Up in the air the next danger which affrights the ignorant is that the balloon may burst. This is quite impossible, for the great ball is open at the neck, and as the balloon rises and the gas expands, the excess escapes without difficulty, so that no pressure is placed on the envelope of varnished cotton, the material of which most balloons are made.

Again, people imagine that if the balloon were damaged by a tear, or by a bullet-hole, it would be hurled to the ground, and would dash its occupants to pieces. Such holes, however, would only cause a leak of the gas, and the balloon would descend slowly. Then comes the possibility of the danger of the ropes breaking, and the car, loosed from the balloon, falling with even greater rapidity than if the balloon itself came down. This, too, is a danger which does not exist, for the strain each rope is made to resist is greatly in excess of the greatest pull that could be put on it, while if one, or even two, ropes were to break, the other lines would support the weight.

Another danger which people imagine exists is that once up the balloonist has to wait until the balloon chooses to descend. Such a belief is only comparable with the idea that, once in a motor-car, the motorist must go on until the car chooses to stop. True, the balloonist cannot stop within the same limit of space as a motor-car, but he has practically as much control over his machine,

unwieldy as it seems. If a balloon begins to descend of its own accord the aeronaut can always rise by throwing out some of the ballast he carries with him, and in this way can avoid any obstacles that may threaten his course; while, by letting out the gas—which he does by pulling a line which opens a valve at the top of the balloon—he can descend when he likes. This possibility proves that there is no reason for any balloonist to be carried out to sea. Balloon ascents are invariably made from some point inland, so that a certain distance has to be travelled before the seaboard is reached. All the balloonist has to do, therefore, is to open the valve and descend before he gets to the sea, and when he sees a convenient place.

Just as there used to be some danger in ascending, so there undoubtedly used to be some danger in descending, for on coming to the ground the balloon used to bump a great deal, and in bumping the balloonist was often buffeted about and received uncomfortable blows or bruises. Now, however, the modern instruments which have been invented tell the balloonist exactly how rapidly he is falling. He is thus able to arrange his descent to such a nicety that the weight of the ground or trail rope on the car will prevent her bumping. Nowadays, too, there is a panel in the envelope to which a cord called the ripping-cord is attached. By pulling the cord the panel is torn out, and the balloon is deflated in the course of a few seconds, so that there is not the least risk of the car being dragged along the ground and causing injury to its occupants. There would undoubtedly be some danger were naked lights used, though the mouth of the balloon is so far away from the car that there is never any smell of the escaping gas. Still, as a safeguard, no one is ever allowed to smoke, and only electric lights are carried to read the instruments, while such drinks as are needed hot are heated by chemical means.

Contrary to what many people believe, there is no danger to a balloonist in thunderstorms. In the first place, a balloon rarely or never rises into a thunderstorm. As the storm travels at the same rate as the wind, and the balloon also travels at exactly that rate, the one can never overtake the other, and they must always remain at the same distance apart as that at which they started; while the prudent aeronaut who sees a storm brewing always descends. According to such skilled aeronauts as the Hon. C. S. Rolls and Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, ballooning is not nearly so dangerous as many other sports, and with a good balloon and a prudent pilot Mr. Butler regards it as perfectly safe. Mr. Rolls thinks it considerably safer than hunting.

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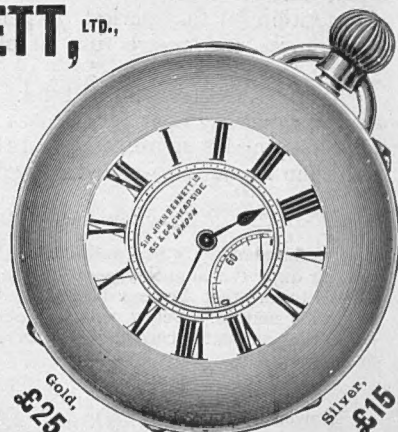
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